

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 6, 1942

## WHO'S WHO

JOHN S. O'CONNOR, S.J., returned to the United States in April of last year, having served eight years as a missionary in India. His article serves as background for the understanding of the nervous negotiations carried on recently by the British Government and the Indian leaders and of the tedious conferences through several decades. The author is the Assistant Treasurer of the India Patna Mission, with headquarters in Chicago, Ill. . . . ANTON C. PEGIS holds a top-rank position among the Catholic laymen philosophers of the United States. Graduated from the Institute of Medieval Studies, University of Toronto, he lectured at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis., and since 1938 has been Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Graduate School, Fordham University, N. Y. From the pertinence of his observations and the necessity of an intellectually aroused laity, there can be no escape. . . . SISTER KATHARINE, O.S.B., writing from the College of St. Scholastica, Duluth, Minn., reminds us: "It is so long since I sent articles to AMERICA that I have to introduce myself. I had the honor of publishing a series of seven or eight articles in AMERICA, in 1925, on Retardation, Maladjustment, etc." Those articles were splendid, we concluded after looking back into Volume XXXIII. We welcome the Comics of this week, and await further articles. . . . WILLIAM A. DONAGHY becomes a Junior Associate Editor for the summer months. He has been best known to our readers as a poet. Having just completed his extended theological course, he was invited to write the June article on the devotion to the Sacred Heart. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, our Literary Editor, reports on the unique gathering of authors at the tenth anniversary of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors.

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# COMMENT

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THE WAR FRONT along the Atlantic seaboard is being too much overlooked. Greater issues are at stake along the Russian and the British and the Mediterranean fronts, and along the Chinese and the Australian and the Indian fronts. But we cannot escape the knowledge that this war is being actively fought by the Nazis against the United States within fifteen miles of our shores. On May 20, the Office of the Price Administrator revealed that 150 United States' and United Nations' vessels had been destroyed by enemy submarines along the Atlantic coasts. Other authorities bring the number up beyond 200 ships. The plain fact is that our vessels are being destroyed faster than they can be replaced, despite our increased production. It is estimated that nearly 300 enemy submarines are infesting the Middle and Southern Atlantic, some operating within gun-shot hearing of our shores. Almost every day, survivors of torpedoed ships are landing and wreckage is strewn on our beaches. The situation is serious, because of the toll of ships, because of the loss of merchandise and raw materials, because of the decreased bottoms for forwarding men and materiel to the other war fronts. There is a real and actual warfare far too near the United States.

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ENCOURAGING, then, is the report issued by Senator David I. Walsh, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, that the submarine menace is being "considerably checked through the new plans now being put into operation." As of April 15, the Army Air Force along the eastern coast was put under the direction of the naval patrol command. It is otherwise reported that a new type, specially equipped, motor patrol-boat is being turned out rapidly. Furthermore, that additional blimps and airplanes, carrying depth bombs, are being put into service. Some of the Nazi submarines are said to have a cruising range of 16,000 miles, but others may have nests on this side of the ocean. The nests in Europe and in America must be, and undoubtedly will be, bombed out of existence. The menace and the danger of the submarine warfare along the Atlantic seaboard cannot be minimized; but with an increased realization of its danger and with a forcefulness in planning, it can be decisively beaten back.

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IF one more sign was needed to show that the war has begotten a wave of prosperity comparable with the banner year of 1929, it was given in the President's message to Congress on May 25. Announcing that many of the 3,000,000 persons now unemployed would be needed in our ever-expanding war-industries, Mr. Roosevelt proposed reducing the

estimated W.P.A. budget for the fiscal year of 1943 from \$465,000,000 to \$280,000,000. When we recall that from 1935 to 1941 the W.P.A. expended annually more than a billion dollars, it is evident that the problem of unemployment has been solved by a prosperity born of the war. In fact, the President seemed to suggest that after 1943 the W.P.A. could be dropped entirely. Even while we rejoice over this heartening news, our minds turn to the future when the demand for the implements of war will have been silenced by victory, and millions of employable young soldiers will return to civilian life, hunting for jobs. Will we need, then, another W.P.A.? If we do, people are bound to ask both the economists and the politicians a very pertinent question. Why, since we have achieved complete use of our productive capacity for purposes of war, cannot we maintain full production for purposes of peace? No political party, we venture to predict, which dodges this question will long remain in power in the post-war world.

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NEVER before in her history has Mexico declared war upon another country. Now Mexico's President has formally asked his Congress to declare the existence of a state of war since May 22 with the three Axis Powers. Señor Avila Camacho asks this step with a full consciousness of what it will cost in lives and suffering. Mexico is now ready to burn all bridges and to bind her fate inexorably with that of the United Nations. We of her neighbor country, on our part, must necessarily feel a profound emotion for this act of confidence in our common cause and fellowship. We cannot fail to realize the important consequences that the Mexican participation carries with it for the conduct of the war: in the Caribbean situation, in the example given to all Latin America, in the removal of a terrible anxiety that has been caused by presence of a neutral at our border. Confidently we hope and we trust that this sacrifice will bring to Mexico the priceless gift of genuine domestic peace and internal unity. Too long has discord ruled below the Rio Grande.

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BIGGEST news last week in labor circles was the transformation of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee into the United Steelworkers of America (U.S.A., C.I.O.). Assembled in convention at Cleveland, the nation's organized steel workers adopted a constitution and elected Philip Murray their president. In his opening talk to the delegates, Mr. Murray recalled the day, just six short years ago, when he opened the drive to unionize steel from the back of a truck parked in a McKeesport, Pa., ash dump. The civic authorities had refused



him permission to rent a hall or even to use a parking lot, and the local steelworkers, remembering the futility of past efforts to break the industry's feudal control over its workers, stayed away from the meeting in fear and trembling. That night Mr. Murray addressed a gathering of about seventy-five men, most of whom had accompanied him to McKeesport: an unbelievable contrast to the present convention where 1,700 democratically-elected delegates, representing more than 600,000 enrolled members of the U. S. A., applauded him enthusiastically and gave him the largest gift in their power—the presidency of their union. In the troubled days ahead of the country, Mr. Murray's probity, reasonableness and vision of peaceful labor-management cooperation will be sorely needed. May the United Steelworkers of America and their trusted leader measure up to the hopes of their friends and the grave responsibilities of the hour.

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ONE action, however, taken by the delegates at Cleveland has aroused apprehension among those who realize that Communism is a dangerous menace to union labor and to the welfare of workers generally. Mr. Murray knows this very well, and is not the man to be taken in by a new shift in the party-line. Yet, the Convention adopted a resolution "urging the C.I.O. to establish closer cooperation and unity with the trade unions of the United Nations. . . ." What this means must be understood in the light of Sir Walter Citrine's current visit to the United States. Sir Walter, who is secretary of the British Trades Union Congress, has come to our shores to persuade American labor to join the labor movements of Britain and Soviet Russia in an international confederation. Does the resolution adopted at Cleveland mean that the United Steelworkers favor this proposal without reservations of any kind? The American public will wait anxiously the next few weeks for some explanation, wondering meanwhile what benefits the free unions of Britain and the United States can hope to gain by federation with the "All-Russian Council of Trade Unions," which is just about as free as are workers' organizations in Nazi Germany. The whole picture is still further confused by the action of the British Labor Party which at its recent convention declared that "the Communist party in Great Britain, ever ready to create trouble whatever the conditions, has not hesitated to exploit friendly Anglo-Russian relations for purely party aims." Is Sir Walter Citrine trying to coax American labor to follow him out on what seems to be the end of a limb?

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SPRAY-GUN knowledge is poisoning the American brain. Bits of queer useless knowledge, thousands of foolish facts and figures, a hop-skip-and-jump mixture of quizzbits, all suspended in a solution of bubbling giggles, are daily sprayed thinly as camouflaged learning upon a bored, laugh-hungry people from parboiled-article digests, the "Ask Me Another" radio programs, mile-a-minute movie

travelogs, "Believe It Or Not" cartoons. Not only do we shake the knowledge of our weight out of a slot-machine, but at the same time and for the one price the machine must disgorge secret information of our future destiny. The members of the upper-brain bracket have not escaped being badly stained victims of this atomization of knowledge, as can be witnessed by their multiple I.Q. tests, the insistence upon the number of hours of class, the number of theses written, the number of books read, the number of miles tramped in field work, of doors knocked and tongues inspected. Understanding is the hallmark of the human mind, not mere knowledge. And, unfortunately, understanding is a rather slow process. Americans must learn to make haste slowly in matters intellectual. Our schools must set the correct pace by placing more emphasis upon the few basic subjects and abandon the cafeteria style of teaching. Then in time we can expect that the intellectual indigestion which has slowed up our mental advancement will vanish and we will become a people who place value upon real nutritious food and not upon a few decorative half-strawberries perilously mounted on spirals of air-fluffed cream.

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CORDIAL tribute is paid to American newsmen as well as to the practical wisdom of General MacArthur by the Melbourne *Advocate* (Catholic review of the week) in its issue of April 2. The correspondents are placing Australia, says the *Advocate's* columnist, "in the noon-beam of publicity in the United States." They are "closer to us, more intimate with our national life and viewpoint" than were the pressmen of the former Howard expedition. General MacArthur's press conferences, giving full value to "background" information, and distinguishing between intelligent and irresponsible criticism, are contrasted with "the attitude of many of the authorities in the last war." Common dangers are bringing the two peoples together. At the same time, we can share the columnist's prayer that, with the correspondents' skill in reporting the "dreadful pageants of war," they "may have little to report of it" from Australia.

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PROPOSAL is made by the President that a lease-lend arrangement be drafted which would bring Russia under the same type of agreement now in force with Great Britain and others of the United Nations. Such an agreement, if it follows the existing lines, would have the very far-reaching effect of bringing Soviet Russia into a general scheme of free economic relationships with "other like-minded governments." But these free economic relations suppose also, as said in the text of the present Anglo-American agreement, "the liberty and welfare of all peoples," along with the reduction, according to Mr. Hull's well-known policy, of all tariff and trade barriers. Will this mean that in the event of such an agreement, Soviet Russia will frankly recognize the "liberty and welfare" of the peoples who now have been brought completely under Rus-

sia's economic domination? Will it mean that Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Russian-occupied Poland will again stand upon their own feet and, small as they are, treat with the Soviet giant upon a base of free and equal commerce? The agreement as now suggested *can* mean that. It will be of great interest to see if it *will* mean that; and it will be hailed as an encouraging sign if we find that the President and the State Department are inclined to give it that interpretation.

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EMPLOYMENT discriminations, on racial, religious or national grounds, are sometimes looked upon by an individual with indifference because his or her particular group is not affected. "If I personally am not a Negro, or a Jew, or a Catholic, what difference does it make if these discriminations take place? It may work out all the better for me and my like." Selfishness is the worst possible guide in such matters, from the moral or from the religious standpoint. But even if we wrap ourselves in the narrow cloak of pure self-interest, we soon discover it offers but scant protection. Inevitably the habit of discrimination spreads and claims new victims. The President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice has compelled, recently, eight concerns in the New York and New Jersey area to cease this type of discrimination, Negroes being particularly affected. Dr. Malcolm S. MacLean, chairman of the committee, finds, however, that mere possession of a foreign-sounding name—such as German or Italian—is enough to bring denial of employment opportunity. No group or classification of citizens can consider itself exempt from such a possibility. The only real security is found in establishing firmly the principle of equal opportunity for all who are qualified to work.

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SOME few weeks ago, the public press carried a horrifying account of the British schools for troop training. A professional army, of course, is not a sweetness-and-light-club; it is not forged from a crowd of good-natured youngsters linked by bonds of casual camaraderie; it is a ruthless machine which must know its grim business and go about it with efficiency and unity. Hence one would not expect that the formative process would make a pretty picture. The British army candidates work out in conditions of actual warfare. Hedge-hopping planes chatter at them as they charge through barb-wire obstacles; mines explode around them as they run forward into a blaze of guns. Reaching their simulated objective, they plunge bayonets into dummy "defenders" and, as a last ghastly touch of ultra-realism, pierce concealed bladders full of blood. Recent reports tell us, however, that one of the churches has protested against the hate campaign which was intended to indoctrinate the soldier with a fanatical loathing of his adversary. That protest is well taken. We must condition our soldiers, strengthen their limbs, make them marksmen, harden their muscles; but woe to a nation which tries to steel their hearts with hatred.

THE WAR. President Roosevelt ordered registration on June 30 of all males aged eighteen to twenty years. He warned that though victory would come in the end, the war would be a long and hard one. . . . Secretary Knox reported that the *Normandie* would be salvaged. . . . In the greatest mass launching since 1918, twenty-seven merchant ships totaling 270,000 tons slid down the ways. . . . The minesweeper YMS-49 was launched. . . . Lieutenant-General Henry H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Force, Rear-Admiral J. H. Towers, Chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, Lieutenant-General Brehon B. Somervell, Chief of the Army Service of Supply, arrived in London for conferences which were believed to envisage opening of an European offensive against the Axis. . . . Senator Walsh, chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, stated the submarine menace in American waters has been "considerably checked and will be increasingly checked with the new plans now being put into operation." . . . Washington proposed to Russia a new lend-lease agreement that would align the Soviet Government with the other United Nations not only in the war production program but also in post-war liberalization of world trade. . . . Enemy submarines sank two United States merchantmen in Atlantic waters, five in the Gulf of Mexico, one in the Caribbean, one off the South American coast. The underseas craft sank one Mexican vessel in the Gulf, and six ships of other nationalities in the Caribbean or off the Atlantic coast. . . . Lieutenant-General Joseph W. Stilwell, who commanded Chinese forces in Burma, reached India, and declared Burma could and must be reconquered. United States Army planes stationed in India evacuated 4,228 casualties and civilians from Burma. . . . Axis submarines damaged the United States World War destroyer *Blakeley* near Martinique. The *Blakeley*, attacked twice, reached port with ten men missing, six injured. . . . In the Southwest Pacific, Allied flyers battling Nipponese raiders at Port Moresby, New Guinea, destroyed four Japanese planes, damaged seven, with the loss of two aircraft. . . . Attacking Lae, New Guinea, Allied raiders destroyed seven Japanese planes, damaged two, damaged also a tanker in the harbor. Two Allied planes were lost. . . . United Nations' aerial attackers on the Vunakanau airdrome at Rabaul, New Britain, dropped bombs on twenty parked Nipponese bombers, setting many of them on fire. In another raid, two Japanese Zeros were shot down, six enemy bombers damaged on the ground, a large transport in the harbor crippled. The Allies lost one plane. . . . Off Australia, a Mikado plane, hit by ack-ack fire, crashed amidships on an Allied vessel. An Allied destroyer, after taking off the survivors, sank the vessel. . . . An aerial attack at Amboina, resulted in destruction of three Japanese fighters, with the loss of one Allied plane. In Timor, three Nipponese aircraft were destroyed, three damaged. . . . American submarines operating in the waters of the Far East sank a large Japanese auxiliary ship and a cargo vessel, damaged a heavy Nipponese cruiser and a merchantman.



PREPARED by a Joint Standing Committee representing the Catholic Sword of the Spirit movement and its Anglican and Free Church counterpart, the Religion and Life movement, a statement of cooperation was issued on May 28 in London at a special reception attended by Cardinal Hinsley, president of the Sword of the Spirit, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, president of the Commission of the Churches for International Friendship and Social Responsibility (Anglican and Free Church). The signers "agree that there is a large area of common ground on which, without raising ultimate questions of Church order and doctrine which divide us, full cooperation is possible and is already taking place." Freedom of conscience is stressed, and the two Movements agree to "work through parallel action in the religious, and joint action in the social and international field."

CATHOLIC journalists should always feel a special debt of gratitude and reverence to that incredible knight of the Christian pen and great apostle of Cuba, the Blessed Anthony Claret. No one has succeeded in counting all the works attributed to him. His followers, who inherited his heroic spirit, lost hundreds from their ranks during the persecution of 1937 in Spain. One whole house of the Claretian Fathers was wiped out completely. Yet the year following this Communistic purge, there opened in the United States a grand new Claretian Seminary near Chicago. Five years later, another large new Junior Seminary for future Claretian missionaries was dedicated at Compton, Calif., the "Dominguez Memorial," on May 17.

RUTHLESS and grasping practices of landlords are exposed in the May 15 issue of the *Wage Earner*, weekly organ of the Detroit chapter of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU). Landlords' racketeering is held responsible for the forcible pegging of rents by the Government "as of April 1, 1941." A young naval officer and his wife tried 150 places and had the door slammed in their faces because "we can't rent to sailors." Says the *Wage Earner*:

The virtual ban on families with children is the most despicable of landlord practices. In many sections of the town it is impossible to rent a flat or apartment if you have even one child, and in other cases landlords have had the effrontery to inquire of young tenant couples whether they intended to have any children.

Detroit, as the *Wage Earner* remarks, has its honest, charitable and patriotic landlords. But, with the building of small homes now practically out of the picture, wage earners are exposed there, as in dozens of other large towns, to the rent racketeer, who is not always a member of a big management company.

OBSERVERS will find it rather singular that loud objections are being voiced in certain States, such as Kentucky, against permitting Catholic children to ride to school in the public-school busses, on the score that this means "union of Church and State;" while at the same time instruction in the Bible is

actually being introduced in public schools in North Carolina cities and towns. According to Religious News Service, such courses are now being offered in about sixty North Carolina communities. In Morganton, N. C., \$1,200 has been raised by popular subscription to defray the costs of employing a teacher. The city school board has approved the plan and the instruction will begin next September. The Bible-instruction move is a clear recognition of the constantly asserted and just as constantly misrepresented Catholic position that a school is vitally deficient if it lacks teaching in the most essential truths of a child's life. But one would like to know why it is that no difficulty is found when such instruction is actually incorporated in the public-school system for Protestant children, while obstacles are raised when Catholic children wish to attend schools of their own.

FROM a non-Catholic source appears a vigorous defense of the Church's right to be heard in relation to social and economic problems. Says the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. William Temple: "The claim of the Church today to be heard in relation to political and economic problems is *no new usurpation*, but a reassertion of a right once universally admitted and widely regarded." "Economics," says Dr. Temple, "are properly subject to a non-economic criterion." Radically anti-capitalist, although not Marxian, Archbishop Temple has aroused considerable interest in Britain with his trenchant utterances. Many of these are in striking accord with the Social Encyclicals of the Popes. Some of them seem to have been devised with a special view to upsetting certain traditional British complacencies, as for instance his insistence that any poor boy in England should be free to attend the (heretofore exclusive) Public Schools. In any case, they are symptoms of the profound social revolution that is taking place across the seas.

WITH the aim of "giving Christ back to the world," the Summer Schools of Catholic Action are organized each year under the auspices of the Sodality of Our Lady, with headquarters at the *Queen's Work*, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Last year some 6,600 priests, seminarians, Religious, lay men and women attended these six-day sessions. This year, for the twelfth season, the summer's program is announced. Sessions will occur in New Orleans, June 8-13; St. Louis, June 15-20; St. Paul, July 6-11; Boston, August 17-22; New York, August 24-29; Chicago, August 31-September 5. Special courses are offered for priests and future priests, and for teachers.

YOUNG women (18 to 25) who wish to be trained in the lay apostolate have an excellent opportunity offered them by "The Vineyard," a two-weeks school for that purpose conducted by the Ladies of the Grail at the Doddridge Farm, Libertyville, Ill. The Grail training is practical, since its efficacy has already been proved; profound, as it is deeply spiritual.

# INDIA SEETHES WITH DISCORD EVEN WHILE INVASION THREATENS

JOHN S. O'CONNOR

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WHEN Sir Stafford Cripps set out from No. 10 Downing Street several weeks ago on his now famous flight to India, the peoples of the United Nations held their breath and hoped with a great hope that his little black bag contained sufficient magic power to win over India's fuller cooperation against the Axis Powers.

Disappointment and puzzled wonder accompanied Sir Stafford as he carried back his black bag to Downing Street, empty. Why had he failed? Why had the Indians refused to accept the offers of Dominion Status—even with the compromise rider of having their own Defense Minister?

There was no puzzled wonderment on the part of those who know India. For, even though they shared the same great hope, they realized more fully what a task had been assigned to this "trouble shooter extraordinary" of the British Empire. His was a task comparable to that of smoothing out the difficulties and bringing into unity all the nations of Europe. Sir Stafford Cripps would have encountered no greater mass of complications, religious, racial and political, in such an assignment than he did in his mission to India.

India was too commonly regarded in American headlines as a little nation bordering the Indian Ocean somewhere in southern Asia. The geographical education brought about by the profusion of detailed newspaper maps and descriptive radio broadcasts of this World War II has been a revelation to many that India is more than a little country "way out East."

People have discovered that India is really a sub-continent. Cut off from the rest of Asia by the lofty snow-capped Himalayas, India forms a triangular peninsula jutting into the Indian Ocean. Its area, over half that of the continental United States, holds a population three times greater than that of our forty-eight States. To make this assertion more concrete, India is a country with an area of 1,808,680 square miles and a population estimated between 375 and 390 million people.

But the size and population of this teeming sub-continent of India was not the reason for failure in the negotiations between Britain and India. Rather, it was the complexity of racial, religious and political elements that could not be simplified by any short and magical formula.

India has never been a nation. True, a superficial sort of unity was effected during the course of the centuries by the various conquering Aryan

and Mohammedan invaders, who carved out greater or lesser empires in the peninsula. But these never resulted in a "melting pot" such as we know so well in these United States. Since the days of the East India Company, and more especially since the King of Great Britain became the Emperor of India, this surface unity has spread throughout India, but it was only the means of lightly linking together the diverse elements of the country and not really fusing them.

India today remains a country composed of at least fifteen different races, speaking twenty-five different languages—and these become 225 different tongues if all the various dialects are included. English and Hindustani serve as *linguae francae*, but the number who speak these, in addition to their own vernacular, is extremely small in proportion to the total population.

More than four-fifths of the people of India are engaged in agriculture, living on small farms and in small villages, away from the urban centers. Illiteracy is high. Eighty-five per cent of the population are unable to read or write. For these people, the horizons of their villages bound their world.

Their knowledge of the British Empire as well as their concepts of "a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" is overshadowed by the sheer necessity of the daily grind to keep the wolf away from their bamboo doors.

To win the full cooperation of these heterogeneous groups, each with its own racial, lingual and geographical interests, ambitions and concepts, would truly be an incredible achievement. But these difficulties are mere child's play compared to the religious problems involved.

It would be difficult to distinguish a Catholic from a Protestant on the streets of any American city. But in India, where religion tinges every aspect of life, social, politic and economic, even the mode of dress takes on a religious significance. One can immediately point out the adherents of the various sects: Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists and so on down the numerous list. No country in the world is as religion-minded as India.

Any analysis of the religious elements of India naturally starts with the capital division of Hindus and Mohammedans. The Hindus outnumber the Mohammedans about three to one, the former claiming about 240 million to the approximately 80 million Mohammedans.



In their general characteristics, the two beliefs are diametrically opposed. Hinduism is an all-embracing creed that condemns no heresy. With its pantheon of three thousand and more gods and goddesses, it absorbs all that it encounters in dogma and rite.

Mohammedanism, on the other hand, with its definite belief in the One, True God, is a religion of formal creed and ritual with a militant tendency toward proselytism. It has an influence in Indian political life out of proportion to numerical strength because it is not only better organized but it is vitalized with an aggressive outlook.

A common basis for unity and cooperation could probably have been worked out if it had been only a matter of bringing together these two large groups. Unfortunately, neither of these presented any sort of unity among themselves. The Hindus are broken up into factions that range from the *Hindu Mahasabha*, the organization representing orthodox Brahminism, down through the scale to the Depressed Classes, the 60 million or so who form the mass of outcasts to whom Brahminism refuses admission to Hindu social and religious life. These factions represent almost every school of thought imaginable, but all, except the Depressed Classes, have one feature in common. They cling tenaciously to the rules and regulations of caste.

Hindu society, whatever its shade of belief, is stratified horizontally into hundreds and indeed thousands of castes and sub-castes which cannot inter-marry or even dine with one another. According to our Western way of thinking, this makes for an unassailable conservatism.

Listed as independent religions are two other numerous factions which are really offshoots of Hinduism. Buddhism, which at one time was the state religion of India, has in later years dwindled off to about six million members, strongly concentrated in Ceylon. It is a casteless religion which preaches the middle way between self-indulgence and self-mortification. Condemning idolatry, sacrifices and metaphysical speculation, it retains the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

Its political influence, though, is less than that of the Sikhs, a sect numbering about five million, whose militant faith sprang from a reformation of Hinduism in the sixteenth century by Nanak, their first *Guru*. Sikhism proclaims the unity of God, the equality of men, rejects idolatry but believes in the transmigration of souls.

All these factions are jealous of their religious and political rights. Religious fanaticism has been so strong among them that any sort of compromise essential to effect unity has been difficult to attain.

The fermentation of the centuries must continue for some time yet. Some progress has been made in this process of fermentation, especially during the past half-century. The Indian National Congress Party, which played such a leading role in the negotiations with the Cripps Mission, has been the outstanding driving power in Indian nationalism. It was founded in 1885 by an Englishman, Allan O. Hume, a retired Anglo-Indian civil servant. Its avowed program ever since its founding has

been to form one nation out of the manifold groups and to effect something like Dominion Status.

The life-history of the Congress Party has been hectic, full of disputes between the radical liberal members and the conservatives over the speed with which Home Rule should be accomplished. Since 1920, the Congress has been more or less under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, who, strange to say, is not an official member of the Party.

Gandhi's conservative radicalism in the leadership of the party can be seen in the tempering of the extreme socialistic tendencies of Nehru, his understudy, and the expulsion of Subhas Chandra Bose, the radical Bangali leader who favors violence. The Congress Party, though open to all Indians, is essentially a Hindu movement.

The Moslem League, under the leadership of Mr. Jinnah, is the only other organized political party in India. It advocates independence, as does the Congress Party, but it is opposed to the Congress Party by working for an autonomous Moslem state within India.

Another thorny problem in the political sphere of India is the India of the Princes. There are 562 Native States in India. Of the more important States, 108 take in an area of 514,886 square miles with a population of over sixty million. These 108 States are members in their own right of the Chamber of Princes. Other States to the number of 127, with an area of 76,846 square miles and a population of over eight million, are represented by twelve elected members of their own order.

These States form islands in British India with their own administration, revenue and laws. The Princes are determined to maintain the *status quo*, lest they lose all. They are willing to cooperate in a federation of India provided that they are adequately represented.

It is not surprising that any efforts for unity by Great Britain should prove ineffectual in such a welter of opinions and outlooks. Some critics claim that the present *impasse* is a result of Britain's handling of the Indian problem during the past. There have been mistakes, no doubt, but it cannot be denied that there have been continued efforts ever since 1917 to fulfil the pledge of granting a larger measure of self-rule to the Indians.

When one nation, however, gets entangled in the destiny of another, it is no simple matter to bring about political independence, even of a federated sort, overnight. The failure of the Cripps Mission will not put an end to all negotiations between Britain and the Indian peoples. The present war-crisis may postpone the solution, but a way of compromise will be found.

The real tragedy in India would occur if the growing pains of nationalism should break out in civil turmoil. That would come from the decision of the minority, not from the non-violent, passive-resistance policy preached by Gandhi.

Independence is coming to India. Of that there is no doubt. But when and what kind will depend on the Indian people themselves and on their solution of the present disunity that reigns among them.

# YE LAYMEN SEEK PERFECTION IN THIS IMPERFECT MODERN ORDER

ANTON C. PEGIS

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OF the many ways in which the war has affected the educator, there is one in particular which should not go unnoticed. It may seem perfectly necessary and perfectly obvious that the educator should be concerned at the present moment with shortened programs and such other changes as the war has brought about. But it remains true that even in time of war first things come first, and it is especially necessary in time of war that we be reminded of this fact.

Emergencies are always something of a riotous holiday for practical men. Now more than ever, when the war is forcing the United States to think in terms of strategy, engineering and production, we must become aware of the anti-intellectualism that is rampant in American education. To win the war is one thing, to rebuild the world is quite another; but what sort of world will it be if it is made in the image of skeptics?

This is, I venture to think, a serious issue for the Catholic graduate who looks forward to making his life in the world. For the moment, his responsibilities are simple to determine: he must be, like his fellow Americans, a soldier who remembers the heroism of Corregidor. And yet, even as a soldier he is a man, and though in war life is cheap, it is not cheap for those who die. Even in time of war, therefore, he must look at himself seriously as a Catholic man, and he must ask himself what it is that he is accepting in undertaking to live in the world as a Christian layman.

Let me explain here immediately that I am not here discussing the eternal destiny for which men hope. I am concerned with the ordering of the life of the Catholic layman in the world. Our Faith has charted for us the world of eternity, but it is our mission and our responsibility to chart for ourselves, under the guidance of Faith, the world of time. And this is the problem. For, by choosing the vocation of a layman, the Catholic is undertaking to realize as a layman, and by means of the works which befit this calling, an integrally Christian life, and yet one that is distinctively a lay life in the manner in which it embodies the precepts of Christian perfection.

## THE LAYMAN'S VOCATION

Evidently, when you are a Christian layman, you must be both *Christian* and *layman*. Everyone will admit (perhaps I ought to say: everyone should admit) that a Christian layman is not a sort of

second-hand monk in whom the layman, by being a layman, is defeating the Christian search for perfection. But it is one thing to recognize this fact in principle and quite another to realize it in practice.

More unfortunately still, the notion of Christian perfection has for centuries been associated so exclusively with the perfection that is proper to the special vocations of Religious, that the world of the Christian layman still remains pretty much an unexplored and frontier country, located vaguely somewhere outside the walls of monasteries. No doubt, the recent book of Father William R. O'Connor, *The Layman's Call*, ought to do much to direct the attention of Catholics not only to the importance of the problem, but also to the lines along which the vocation of the layman is to be studied and discussed.

There is, it would seem, much ambiguity concerning the life of the Catholic layman in the world. Since he has chosen to live in the world and not in religion, he necessarily faces the problem of organizing a life which is both *religious* and *in* the world. The life of every Catholic is religious in the sense that it is rooted in the supernatural love of God. The Catholic layman is no exception. His special problem is how to seek his own religious perfection according to his occupation in the world. He must see in himself not only a call to Christian perfection but, more specifically, a call to perfect his nature through the profession which he has chosen; which is his particular way of being dedicated to the love of God and to the love of his neighbor in God. This is a capital point. Until it is thoroughly understood, there can be no clear or helpful discussion of the meaning of sanctity for the laity.

## THE LAYMAN'S CONFUSION

Serious confusions are not at all uncommon in the solution of this problem. They have caused the disorganization of the life of the Catholic layman. It does not seem that the Catholic layman is clear as to the meaning of Christian perfection *for him as a layman*. He knows that he is not called to be a monk or a priest. He knows, in other words, not only what he is not called to be, but also what he is called to be. Or does he? I wish I could believe that Catholic laymen have a proper sense of the life that they have chosen. I shall not here assert that they do not: I am only raising the question



whether they do, and I am raising such a question because it is not at all clear that Catholic laymen have an adequate conception of the proper meaning of the *world* in which they are living.

Now the cloister and the world are not distinguished from one another as that which is holy from that which is not. They are rather distinguished from one another as different ways in which men are called to live authentically Christian lives. The world is not simply outside the cloister; it has its own perfection, and to live in it is not to be worldly. It is not necessary for the Catholic layman to imitate the perfection and the devotional life proper to the monk or the priest in order to be, in a genuinely Christian sense, religious.

No one, so far as I can see, can quarrel with the contention that the term religious applies to a life in the world as well as to the special vocations of those who are in religion. And yet, as Father O'Connor has pointed out, there are many Catholic laymen who have not placed both their feet firmly in the world. The reason is quite simple. They associate Christian perfection with the special vocation of priests and Religious. When they go out to live in the world, their minds are torn between a desire for a perfection that they think they have spurned and a discontent with a world in which they think that a perfection according to the example of Christ cannot really be found.

#### EXILES AND EXPATRIATES

There is more than this. Living as they do in a society which has de-Christianized the state in order to keep it spotlessly free from the Church, they are impelled even more to lock Christian perfection within the cloister. There was a time when men at least had dreams of organizing society within their love of God; now time has made eternity an under-secretary. The modern Catholic layman is not only a wayfarer and a pilgrim; he is also very often, in his estimation, something of an outcast. And why not? For is not this the serpent in the garden of secularism which has robbed the children of God of their heritage?

Medieval Christianity taught the western world many truths imperfectly, and it even taught many errors; but it never taught secularism nor did it ever consign the world to exterior darkness. Nor yet did it ever think to glorify secularism as a paradise. It was not until European thinkers got their second wind on the road they followed away from God that they began to love their bonds and to worship matter. Medieval thinkers did not throw out reason and nature from the world either knowingly or willingly. A time did come at the end of the Middle Ages when Christians gave up reason and nature in the name of wisdom and piety. That moment began in the fourteenth century—and the end is not yet.

#### PLACE OF THEOLOGY

Catholic theology has had to bear many of the burdens of the Christian man; it has had to suffer many of his irrationalities; and it has had to pro-

tect him from many of his errors. But it could not, nor can it now, protect him from the supreme irrationality of calling himself blind. Whether he be an anti-intellectual Catholic or an anti-rational Protestant, or even an anti-rational Topsy who just grew up, he will find no comfort in the theology of medieval Christianity nor any support for an anti-worldly conception of the Christian life.

The Catholic layman suffers from all the revolutionary dislocations which have accompanied the rise of the modern world. For it is a fact that just as a philosophy which is adequately and autonomously rational has still to be formulated in its entirety by Catholic thinkers, so the Catholic ideal of the layman, like the Catholic ideal of the temporal order, has still to emerge in all its distinctiveness within the bosom of the Church. This is a fateful hour in history in which to speculate on the future of such ideals. But this is a moment in which to see essentials in an orderly way, and this refers both to the Catholic ideal of perfection and to the equally Catholic ideal and love of human intelligence.

#### CLOISTERS OF THE HEART

Assuredly, not all men are called to the solitude of the cloister. But it is just as certain that all men are called to the solitude of the heart. For the source of Christian perfection is not the monastery or any state in life, but the love of God; and salvation, which is its terminus, is also the end of human nature. No, neither nature nor the world is a spiritual outcast. Even after five centuries of the wilderness of human aberration, it still remains true that the worldly world from which men flee is not in the world, but in their hearts.

Because the medieval monk knew this, it may be said that he knew in a remarkable way how the Christian man becomes perfectly a perfect monk. Perhaps we have forgotten what great men lived at Cîteaux, at Clairvaux and at the Grande-Chartreuse. Perhaps we have forgotten how much they knew about man in all his humanity and in all his desire for liberty. I say that those monks knew man, and in their own way they were better humanists than the modern Catholic layman is in his way. When they entered the monastery, the only human thing they abandoned was disorder. It may sound strange, but it is a fact, that we can learn from a Saint Bernard of Clairvaux some of the dearest lessons of Catholic intellectualism. Within his great love of God he included a contemplative life which is no less devoted to the pursuit of wisdom because it sought that wisdom as a gift of the Holy Ghost.

Now there are other and lesser wisdoms in Christian thought than the high wisdom of the contemplative life. But we can learn even from the Christian contemplative how deep the Catholic love of intelligence must be. Above all, the Catholic layman must unlearn the anti-intellectualism that has been such a prevalent weed in western thought. This weed is the root of his troubles. He has, however unknowingly, turned away from his nature, little realizing that the great Religious, whom he

admires so much, had their natures entirely turned toward God.

#### FLIGHT FROM UNREASON

In a real sense, it is his reason that the Catholic layman must rediscover. He is living in a world which is modern in the sense that it is dedicating itself to the task of eliminating reason and law from reality. We are perhaps even past the nineteenth century worship of *scientism*, and are now settling down to the worship and practice of what, for want of a better name, must be called *chaotism*. It is not easy to see what sort of future we face after the war. But it is easy to see the sort of future some of our contemporaries are looking forward to. For them the future will come at exactly that moment when the traditional ideas of law, nature and reason will be systematically removed from the world.

#### EDUCATIONAL ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM

Perhaps we have not measured sufficiently the prevalence of anti-intellectualism in American education. When Dr. Hutchins is subjected to all sorts of abuse for daring to defend the human intellect, even those who may not agree with him entirely should see what is at stake. The human intellect is already so foreign to many of our contemporaries that anyone who defends it is now being called sectarian. And this charge comes not only from the philosophers and professors of education, but also from the professors of English and even from our eminent jurists.

This is a time when one of the main duties of a Catholic layman is to rescue intelligence from this death with which it is threatened. This is part of his vocation as a layman, his mission as a Catholic living in the world. He cannot pose as a practical man, for practical in the modern world is an anti-intellectual term. He must learn the true meaning of being practical in order never to leave his intellectual moorings as he engages in his work in the world. Man in society does not cease to work in the truth, nor does he cease to build the world in the image of the truth as he sees it. It is still reason which is practical, and it is still *in* and *with* the truths that the reason contemplates that the good society is possible. Indeed, just as the life of the Catholic layman does not cease to be religious for being a life in the world, so for him to be practical does not cease to be a work motivated by the deepest intellectual desires.

#### OUR DUTY AND DESTINY

We have much to learn concerning the ideals of a Christian temporal order. We have just as much to learn concerning the perfection proper to the Catholic layman. Anti-intellectualism has no place whatever in our conception of the Catholic life in any of its states. The Catholic layman, who has had such an uncertain and obscure existence in this world, and who has still to capture the proper sense of his vocation, is an ideal which the Catholic graduate must learn if he is to be true to his calling to sanctify his life in the world.

## COMICS ARE CRIMES AGAINST OUR CHILDREN

SISTER KATHARINE

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WHEN Mary Smith and Johnny Jones and 8,606 other children, with different names but chronologically and educationally their peers, read 25,395 comic magazines in a period of one week, the condition is important enough to provoke serious thought and probably merit further investigation.

There was no sampling; these 8,608 children included all children from the fourth through the ninth grades and their ages were roughly from nine to fifteen. Concretely they were reading an average of three comic magazines per child per week. The children were from the public and parochial schools of the city of Duluth.

The first question that comes to one's mind is where can any serious school preparation come in? The writer attempted to read "Captain America"; she was not rated a slow reader on timed tests, yet it took her a matter of two hours to read this comic with passing adequacy from cover to cover.

The second question that arises is why do children like the comics? Three hundred and fifty children in two schools, one in Chicago and one in Minneapolis, were used as a check list. These children were asked to write without signature, their answer to this question. One hundred twenty-two gave as reason, in essence, "because they are funny." Granted that children see fun in situations that we older folk think rather serious or even tiresome, still it does require quite a stretch of the imagination to see much, if any, humor in many of the comics.

This leads us to the tentative conclusion that reading comics is for the most part an escape mechanism for the child. Often our homes are rather dour. Grown-ups seem to have lost their sense of humor. Then the home where there were household chores to do has seemingly disappeared and the large, old-fashioned home is fast disappearing. Hence, there is little room to play or to set up a work bench and whittle out air ships, build bird houses, dog kennels, and the many other things so dear to the heart of the child. The boy feels in the way in the very small home. So with a comic magazine in hand, he can snuggle into a corner of a porch or a garage or an alleyway with his friends and spend hours absorbingly interested.

A child is accustomed to getting fun in very devious ways; tripping up another boy, seeing a very pompous person slip and get covered with mud, witnessing a small boy get the better of a big boy, etc. Many of the markedly ridiculous situations have the effect of creating a feeling of satisfaction and to them legitimate fun. These mirth-provoking situations have a wide range of spontaneous appeal.



But ninety out of the three hundred-fifty children mentioned adventure of various kinds. Well, love of adventure has always held a prominent place in the child's life. It would seem that the mastery motif is in this way satisfied vicariously through reading as it is satisfied in reality by waiting to get into a good fight with a neighborhood group, by wanting to climb the highest peak of a mountain, by going off shore in the frailest raft, by swimming out the farthest, by being first at a fire, by creeping along dangerously sloping projections between windows. Youth is perpetually in quest of adventure.

Then there is the element of empathy or self-identification entering, and this greatly intensifies the mastery motif. Bucky, Robin, or Dandy, as the case may be, accompanies Captain America or Superman as an aide in their adventures. An adolescent boy reads himself and his imaginary feats into the lives of these fearless boys, thus getting vicariously decided satisfaction.

Another motif mentioned was interest in the pictures which "carried the story on." Now while we grown-ups cannot deny that even the crudest drawing or the most inartistic colored picture, so long as either tells a story, has an appeal, still we have much fear that this reading with so little effort, where words and phrases can be either skipped or interpreted through the colored picture, defeats the purpose of reading.

In the first place, the pleasure of reading for the most part should come only where there is effort necessary, and secondly, the passivity which reading mainly through pictures conditions has a tendency to make of the child one to whom the world becomes a place where returns come with little or no effort. They have too much of this in the moving pictures, both silent films and the "talkies," and over the radio. Since the human heart seeks happiness and the child gets his happiness with so little effort on his part we may well be helping to develop trends that will later spell individual defeatism. The proverb, "He who would eat the kernel must crack the nut," should have application here.

That many of the comic magazine heroes bring wrong-doers to justice is given especially by older children, as a reason for liking comics. As the children state: "The comic magazine solves crime." The Robin Hood theme is common. The plot ordinarily involves the heroes carrying out justice when ordinary forces of law and order seem unable to succeed. The idealism of childhood thus finds expression.

This again seems to be a legitimate motif, but this might be an indictment against us older folk who, as it appears to the child at least, have not succeeded in lessening crime perceptibly, or seeing that justice prevails. If so, is this reaction indicative of dissatisfaction reaching a morbidly critical point. Such are some of the dominant motives for reading comics as expressed by more than three hundred children in two cities.

But what sinister effects of comic reading are alleged and with how much truth? Comics are printed for the most part on poor stock, the il-

lustrations are, to the child, attractive and telling but almost always overdone; colors are unpleasantly lurid. The type is poor, as a rule, but not always. If it is not poor, the paper stock is poor enough to make reading difficult. The grammar is frequently not universally acceptable. Crime and more crime spreads over the page with always a hero: Bat Man, Superman, Captain America, etc., intervening and saving the day by bringing crime-doers to justice.

The small boy accompanying the hero is found in the very heart of the fray. By proxy the child reader is witnessing the extravagantly sensational; he is participating in numberless killings and hangings stopping just a moment short of a lethal end. Bat Man and Superman are out to take the law into their own hands as they mete out justice.

But do boys ever in real life participate in bringing such criminals to justice? Are parents willing that their boys should do so if opportunity were really given? And are they justified in having their children idolize the man who takes the law into his own hands? In actual life, he would soon find himself behind prison bars.

There can be little doubt regarding the mass effect of the ten or twelve million copies of the comics sold monthly to a like number of boys and girls and passed on to many others. Most of these children, let us hope, have made normal emotional adjustment; others are maladjusted to some degree at least. Fears many times have been conditioned; trends toward undue dominance, perhaps from heredity, have been developed; trends toward negativism and cruelty, etc. With children of this type comics can only intensify beginning abnormal tendencies. So it would seem good psychology to keep nervous, unstable children away from comics or keep comics away from them.

Perhaps one of the major dangers in comic reading, especially for the nervous child is the almost inescapable "deep-thought" day dreaming, wishful thinking that the comics condition—just a few years more and we may find either a withdrawal tendency with schizophrenic trends in the offing or the tendency toward suspicion, aggression, or even decided cruelty.

The better type of comics may have a place in a well-balanced recreational program, but should they hold the high place they appear to hold today? Each month ten to twelve million copies are bought by children. With exchange systems of sharing in this reading, each book is read by many children. Consider the enormous expenditure of time the reading of so many comic magazines consumes. Could not the time be spent in more healthful recreation? Consider the million dollars or more spent monthly for even ten million comics.

Someone has remarked that we do not give highly spiced foods and drinks to our young boys and girls; why give them such an over-supply of highly spiced reading? A little dash of pepper we need not worry about. A diet pepper-saturated may burn so the tamer foods can no longer be enjoyed. For what type of reading in adolescence is the child being prepared? What kind of college risk will he be?

# DURING ROSE-REDDENED JUNE WE TURN TO THE SACRED HEART

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

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DEVOTIONS in the Church are not sudden flares of sentiment or impulse or feeling. They are solid growths which mature slowly from deep and unshakable roots of dogma. Catholicism does not rest content in the sterile contemplation of truth nor in Euclidean glimpses of beauty bare. The profound and eternal truth of dogma flowers into devotion, into acts of reverence and love and service. And so, abiding beneath the shrines and the litanies, acts of consecration and all the other phases of the Sacred Heart devotion, there are soul-shattering doctrines.

One bleak morning, long ago in Bethlehem, Mary held on her breast Jesus Christ, Who was her Son and the Son of God. Her Baby was an intensely human Child, with a human nature like unto our own, as Saint Paul points out, in everything save sin. Yet, at the same time, her Baby was God, having as His own, by right of eternal generation from His Heavenly Father, the Divine nature.

Here there is no room for metaphor or loose talk. Ages ago, Arius wanted to explain away the Divine Sonship as a position of princely precedence in all creation. Hence, the Son of God could be so called only in the sense that He was the first-born masterpiece of God's creative power; the Recipient, to an incredible degree, of God's grace and favor. But in no other sense.

Nestorius, looking at the Child on Mary's breast, saw in Him two distinct persons: one human, the son of the Virgin; the other, Divine, the Son of God. Between these two persons there existed a most intimate union, for the Divine Word indwelt in the human Christ. But the union was merely moral; and Mary, the mother of Christ the Man, was not the Mother of God.

In his anti-Nestorian zeal, Eutyches likewise erred. After the Incarnation there was only one nature in Christ, he declared. And the followers of Eutyches fell into different theological camps, accordingly, as they explained the union of Divine and human natures as absorption of the human by the Divine or a fusion of both natures into one.

With the passing of time, these heresies crumpled and collapsed before the volleys of such champions as Athanasius, Cyril of Alexandria and Leo the Great, and beneath the condemnations of the Councils. From the controversies and definitions there emerges a clear, dogmatic description of the God-man, and it is on this that devotion to the Sacred Heart ultimately and solidly rests.

In Our Lord there are two natures, whole and complete, the Divine and the human. These natures are mysteriously united in the One Person, Jesus Christ, Who, consequently, is to be adored with that highest and most sublime worship which we are forbidden to render to any mere creature, even Our Lady, the adoration that belongs only to God.

When we adore God, we prostrate ourselves in submissive recognition of and testimony to His infinite and ineffable excellence. It is easy to see that we must pay this complete homage to Our Lord insofar as He is Divine. But the further question arises: What about Christ as a Man? He has also an integral human nature. May or rather must we adore His humanity?

Before answering that question, the Church makes the issue completely clear. The Sacred humanity is a creature and as such cannot be adored for its own sake. But the Word of God, Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, assumed that humanity which is, therefore, as Athanasius writes, "the body of God." Hence it is adorable because it is the human body of a Divine Person; and while the act of adoration is directed to the Sacred Body or to Its several Members, the reason and motive of the worship is the limitless perfection of the Divine Person Whose Body this is.

That is the theological background for the adoration of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Although the devotion was occasioned by the private revelation to Saint Margaret Mary, we must not identify the devotion and the revelation. For the real force and dogmatic validity of the apparition derives from the approbation of the teaching Church, to whom alone it belongs to speak definitively and finally on Faith and morals.

All down the years, the Church had adored the Sacred Humanity which the Word of God assumed. And in that Sacred Body, the Heart of flesh is a prominent organ. But we must not think of that Heart as of a withered relic. It is the living, breathing, pulsing Heart, alive with eternal vitality and united to the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

In the natural heraldry of all peoples, moreover, the heart has a symbolic significance which is readily recognized. Everyday experience teaches us that it races, contracts, palpitates, or hangs like a stone within us at times of great emotional upheaval. Whatever the physiological explanation of this may be, the heart has come to be a symbol of man's inner sentiments, especially love.



So, too, with the Heart of Christ. We look on it as the symbol of all of Christ's inner sentiments, especially His great love for His Father and for men. Glowing in that Heart is the gash of the spear, as Saint Bonaventure tells us, in order that, beholding the visible wound, we might see the invisible wound of love.

That burning and wounded Heart, then, is a call to love, and to reparation for the cold indifference with which men have repaid Christ's kindness to them. Consecration and expiation are the acts of worship which Our Lord has explicitly requested. "Consecration," as Pope Pius XI wrote, "by which we offer to the Divine Heart of Jesus both ourselves and all that belongs to us." But as the same venerable author goes on to show, a desire to atone for the outrages heaped upon the Sacred Heart is a natural and complementary outgrowth of sincere consecration.

To be sure, Our Lord is far beyond the reach of pain or sorrow; nevermore will they touch Him. But there was that black night under the olive trees when He staggered and fell beneath the weight of the world's iniquities; when He lay with His Face in the loam of Gethsemane and His Flesh shriveled and crawled with the horrible anticipation of the suffering to come.

That night His Sacred Heart was beating so furiously and wildly that It forced His Blood out through His very pores. And the vision which tormented Him included the crowds and the trials and the scourges and the cross; but with a far greater intensity, that scalding vision comprised the long generations of men who would not benefit by His sufferings nor repay His sacrifices with anything but ingratitude. Still, while He foresaw the crimes of men and flinched at the vision, He was solaced in that bitter hour by His foreknowledge of faithful souls who would assume the burden of atonement.

This is what the devotion to the Sacred Heart calls on us to do. It is a call which no generous heart can disregard. When, in the seventeenth century, the drab light of reason was already graying the world; when passing time had chilled man's memory of Calvary and formed the ice of Jansenism in his heart; then Christ made this burning appeal through a humble nun in Burgundy. He commissioned her to arouse an indifferent world to flaming love. And the story of the diffusion of that message against odds which seemed insuperable, is another stirring chapter in the conquest of the wise by the simple and foolish.

Out from the quiet of Paray-le-Monial that call and message reverberated through all Christendom. It was in the very year in which Spinoza was writing to the young and zealous Catholic convert, Albert Burgh, a blasphemous sneer at one who believed "that you swallow the highest and the eternal." There was a heavenly paradox in the fact that during the age which enthroned the human mind in untouchable sovereignty, devotion to the Sacred Heart was spreading with progress that the Church calls "triumphant."

Today that message and that devotion are still

vital, still dynamic. The Sacred Heart is our great sign and assurance. Long centuries ago, before Our Lord came on earth, as Pius XI points out, God made a covenant of friendship with man. As a seal of that covenant, God flung a gleaming arc across the sky, "a bow appearing in the clouds."

Ages later, as Leo XIII remarks and Pius XI recalls, a young Roman Emperor was preparing for battle; and the yoke lay heavy on Christ's infant Church. One night a cross burned high in the heavens as a sign and a cause of complete victory.

With these historic manifestations of God's relations with men, the Pontiffs link up that most auspicious and gracious sign of our own times: . . . "the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, crested with a cross, gleaming among incandescent flames. In this sign must we place all our hopes . . ."

These Fathers of Universal Christendom ardently desired that Christ should be the King of all hearts, the King of all hearths. The home in which the Sacred Heart is enthroned and honored has the Divine guarantee of blessings. For Christ promised: "I will give peace to their families. I will bless the houses wherein the image of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored."

In his Epistle to the Ephesians, Saint Paul in a few, swift strokes, outlined the lineaments of the true Christian home. With Divinely supported authority, he sketched the relationships of husband to wife, and children to parents. Writing to Father Matheo, one of the great apostles of the Sacred Heart devotion, Cardinal Billot recalls Paul's description, and asks: "What think you, Reverend Father? Is this not a description of the interior of a household where the Sacred Heart would be enthroned?"

This holy dedication of the individual and the family to the Sacred Heart is no mere passing pietism nor emotional whim, as Benedict XV solemnly declares. That great Pontiff insists that consecration which does not fructify in daily virtues is sterile and meaningless.

"Faith, charity, zeal in prayer, temperance, domestic tranquility"—these are the living proofs of a vital and fruitful consecration. "The old should find strength, the young prudence, the afflicted comfort, the infirm patience, in the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

That was the splendid assurance of Christ's Vicar to an exhausted and panting world, seven months after the last war had ended. We should ponder those words now and send them once again echoing through a world even more woebegone than it was when Benedict spoke twenty-two years ago.

Still does the Sacred Heart call, in our day, for love, for consecration, for reparation; still do His promises obtain. Today and during the rose-red-dened month of June all over the earth rise hymns of praise and adoration to the Heart Which wrought our salvation. Quietly and unspectacularly, devotion to the Sacred Heart has suffused the world with warmth, giving the lie to Swinburne's shocking apostrophe to the "pale Galilean."

WHAT impressed Irvin Cobb more deeply than anything he witnessed as an American war correspondent, twenty-five years ago, was the indomitable spirit of the English people. Incompetent generals might suffer unexpected and humiliating reverses, political officials in high place might obstinately stick to their policy of muddling through, and local administrators might make hard circumstances at home even more difficult through their stupidity. But in the darkest hours, the people had no idea of "giving up," and the possibility of ultimate defeat, they scouted. They knew that they would triumph, and the uncertainty of the moment of complete triumph caused them no serious uneasiness.

But theirs was not a spirit of foolish optimism. They did all that they could, and reverses merely reminded them that they would and could do yet more. Their assurance was based upon their conviction that since they must win the war, they would win it, not by hoping for victory, but by working and dying for it.

The same indomitable spirit is reflected in the pages of a long letter recently received from England. At the time of writing, some months ago, the author was engaged in relief work in London, where she had taken her station after many migrations. These migrations were not voluntary, nor had they been caused by the nature of her work. When the apartment which she occupied was destroyed by bombing, she would gather up such scanty personal belongings as could be salvaged, and find a lodging elsewhere, in the same city or in another. Not long since, on returning to her apartment, she found that by reason of a sudden daylight air raid, the ceiling and the walls had been deposited upon the floor, and the whole building was about to fall into the street. Her only comment was, "I thought it best to live in my office hereafter."

This is merely one of many familiar stories. But what is remarkable in these narrations is the calm tone in which raids by day and night, the discomforts of bomb-shelters, the ever-present danger of death by violence, are recited. As an American might say, "Last week the weather was quite rainy," these people record that last week the raids were fiercer than ever, or that they were somewhat lighter. Food cannot be plentiful in England, but they make light of the restrictions. New clothing cannot be obtained, but they contrive to make the wardrobes of two years ago serve every purpose, and are satisfied.

The real story of English heroism can never fully be told, but the memory of it will remain as part of the national heritage. That heroism has its lesson for us here and now. Any critic who believes that the morale of the American people is not high, is grievously in error. In time we, too, shall say with this undaunted Englishwoman: "It is better to suffer small things now than to suffer death daily under Hitler."

## GERMANY

WILL the Church in Germany survive? Speaking at a round-table session of the National Conference of Christians and Jews at Washington last week, Mr. Raymond Geist, now of the State Department, said that the Church "is doomed in Hitler's Germany." There is practically no opposition to Hitler in Germany today, and the Fuehrer's hatred of the Church, said Mr. Geist, "is even deeper and deadlier than his hatred of the Jews."

As American Consul at Berlin from 1930 to 1939, Mr. Geist had unique opportunities both to know Hitler and to learn the temper of the German people. Hitler has evidently determined to leave nothing undone to check the normal work of the Church, until such time as he feels that by one swift *Blitzkrieg* he can destroy it. In this he is the very pattern of every persecutor from Nero down to our own century, and his fate will not differ from theirs.

Certainly, the Church finds in Hitler an unscrupulous and implacable enemy. But that the Church is "doomed," even under Hitler, is a statement that cannot be accepted without modification and reserves. Humanly speaking, Mr. Geist is no doubt right, but a truth that we must not forget is that even as the Church does not need the favor of princes to fulfil her mission, so her mission cannot be destroyed by the rage of tyrants.

New Christians spring from the blood of martyrs. Persecution occasions the apostasy of weak Catholics, but it also strengthens the faith and zeal of good Catholics who in their newly awakened ardor somehow manage to bring many, often enough even from the ranks of the persecutors, into the Church's fold. These were among the results in Mexico, in Russia, during the darkest days of the Soviet outrages, and they will be found, we are convinced, in the unhappy Germany which Hitler is leading to political ruin.

Some months ago, we noted the fact that although religion cannot be taught in German schools, it is being taught, as never before, by fathers and mothers to their children at home. No doubt God will bless the efforts of these persecuted parents, and from this sowing of the seed bring, in His own good time, a harvest exceeding great.



## ITALY

ACCORDING to a news story written by an American newspaper correspondent, recently released from "protective custody" in Italy, the attempts of German officials to stir up hatred of the United States in Italy are meeting with no success. For this failure, many reasons can be assigned. Weary and half-starved after years of following misguided leaders, the Italian people realize that the source of their distress is not in the United States, but in the Duce's Palazzo Venetia and in Berlin.

The chief reason, however, for the failure of this hate-campaign is that the Italian people cannot easily forget the friendship which long bound them closely to us Americans. Before the war, American citizenship was, as well-behaved travelers will recall, a recommendation that opened doors in Italy. True, well-bred Italians, and under that class most of the people could be placed, looked aghast at the antics of some of those peregrinating visitors from the States, but their censure was expressed in mild terms, and the antics were often excused on the ground that, after all, many of these Cook tourists had probably spent their youth among the wilder of the Indian tribes.

But today, as the descendants of Romulus and Remus stand in line, patiently awaiting a meager dole of unpalatable food, these minor annoyances are forgotten. In their recollections of a happier day they find reason for hatred of their political leaders; certainly they can find none for hatred of the American people, among whom so many of their connections have found a welcome and an opportunity both to better their economic condition, and to help many whom they had left at home. The stream of gold that began to flow from the United States back to Italy, as Italians settled among us and prospered, is still remembered.

Europe today is full of broken nations, and of regions in which men and women eat the scant and bitter bread of sorrow. Of these nations, among the most pitiful is Italy. What is done in Italy to aid the Axis is not done by the Italian people but by tyrants whose control, weakening but still strong, forces them to die in support of a cause with which they have no sympathy. Our feelings toward them should be wrought from pity and tenderness.

## THRIFT, THRIFT!

FOR many years the managers of a New York department store emblazoned upon their official statements the motto: "It's smart to be thrifty!" The implication was, of course, that the public could purchase better goods for less money at this shop than at any other. The changed economic status of recent years caused the managers to withdraw the motto, but it has lately been recalled, not only by the managers, but by no less an authority than the Secretary of the Treasury. "It's smart to be thrifty," said Secretary Morgenthau last week, "and more than that, it's absolutely necessary for our future welfare."

From that conclusion, there can be no dissent. Even during these urgent preparations for war, we must look to the future, immediate and remote, and every discussion of the happier days which, we hope, will come when the sword can be beaten into a ploughshare, gives much attention to the perils of inflation. Competitive bidding for goods at this time, when the market's supply is low, and its prospects for future supplies still lower, spells trouble, and plenty of trouble. A scramble to buy puts a grossly unfair burden upon the "have nots" and the "have littles," and, in addition, prepares the way for inflation.

Hence, every man who from personal observation knows what inflation meant to Germany and to most of the Continent twenty years ago, or who has made that period a topic for investigation, will be eager to take every measure reasonably adopted to prevent inflation now, and after the war. To the top of his ability, he will invest in Government war bonds and stamps. He will deny himself even those moderate comforts that are proper in better times, and, of course, cut off all luxuries. His expenditures for actual necessities he will make with more than ordinary prudence and care.

In times of peace and of comparative prosperity, most of us find that division line between comforts and necessities exceedingly fine. Often, it is all but invisible. Fortunately, however, our minds have gained in clarity of perception in the last few months, and our eyes have grown keener. The restrictions on the use of sugar, the first of other commodity restrictions to follow, in all probability before the end of the year, taught millions, and to their great surprise, that they could get on with little inconvenience, or none at all, with the eight-ounce allowance. For very many of us, the eight ounces were a superfluity, rather than a dole. What, then, happened to the ten or twelve ounces, or to the pound, we once thought necessary? Most of it remained at the bottom of unstirred cups of coffee, or in dishes of over-sweetened and half-eaten cereals, or went into the composition of pastry, confectionery, and similar luxurious cakes, which made the dyspeptic one of the commonest figures of the American scene.

An outcry may be expected to follow the rationing plans to come. The outcry, being unreasonable, probably will not last long. The truth is that, as a

people, we Americans have been living too extravagantly. "O, Mr. Smith," gushed a young lady to her table companion at a dinner party, "you are the man who made millions from the mustard we put on our beef." "No, madam," replied the astute manufacturer. "I'm the man who made millions from the mustard that you leave on your plates." That ours is a land of plenty is a blessing for which we should thank God. That we have used this plenty in a wasteful manner is a truth that should furnish us with matter for an examination of conscience, to be followed by good resolutions for the future. We can get along with less, with much less, and we must.

We who remain behind the lines have not felt the pinch of want. But the time may come when want will be very near. We shall suffer less keenly if we now begin to look about, and then make an inventory of the articles with which we can easily dispense. Any man who attacks this work in earnest will be surprised at the length of the list. Not long ago a columnist suggested that in our attics and on the top shelves of closets, and in boxes almost forgotten, some of us could find material which, with an alteration here and there, and perhaps a stitch or even a patch, would furnish clothing for the rest of the year, and perhaps for longer. The columnist, a lady, wrote for the benefit of the sex which is supposed to delight in furbelows and flounces. If what is thus tossed aside, or carelessly packed away, will satisfy the more fastidious of the race, something, no doubt, can also be found in the same nooks and corners fit for the garbing of the sober-minded male.

To tighten our belts, and to learn to get along with less, will help to provide against inflation, and help the Government to win the war. But that is not the sum of the benefit we can derive from a reduced standard of living. "Doing without" will also, if we avail ourselves of the opportunity, initiate us into that stage of Christian living which embraces self-denial and mortification.

## ADDER AND DEMON

IT is terrifying to learn that a group of Presbyterian ladies is moving on Congress with a demand. These ladies have heard the hiss of the adder that stings. They have sniffed the sulphur that betokens the demon. This adder, and this demon, whiskey, to wit, and all strong drink, they present to Congress for incarceration, pending the coming of peace.

Should Congress accede to this demand, subsequent legislation will either be enforced, or it will languish. If enforced, the Army will be weakened, we fear, by the withdrawal of men to do the job, and that cannot be tolerated. If not enforced, the moonshiner, the bootlegger, the hijacker, and the perjurer will flourish, as of yore, and that cannot be tolerated either.

The thought of 1,500,000 Presbyterian ladies, pointing a demand at Congress terrifies us. We hope it will not terrify Congress.

## LAY PREACHERS

THE last twelve months have familiarized us with a phenomenon which, in the first century and a half of our national existence, made its appearance only once in ten years. Since the war clouds began to lower, we have had registrations and censuses of many kinds. Our young men have been enrolled in the Army. Men of the middle-age groups have been classified according to their professions, businesses and skills, and even the near-ancients have been catalogued. Very soon, the name of every man from eighteen years of age to sixty-five, will be on the Government's lists.

Many questions were asked by the Government's agents. One question, however, they did not put, "To what church do you belong, or if you belong to none, what is your religion?" That question was raised by some "conscientious objectors," but the Government felt that an inquiry of this kind did not lie within its purposes. Hence, while we have many enrolments and registrations, we have no accurate religious census, and no one can say precisely how many Americans there are who have no religious affiliations of any kind.

From time to time, however, various studies have shown that the number of Americans in this class very probably includes a majority of our people, and that, at least until recently, it was increasing year by year. Yet these are the men and women to whom the invitation set forth in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xiv, 16-24) is addressed, and it is the ardent desire of Christ that all should hear it, understand it and accept it. Many, indeed, will not heed it, even when it is brought to their attention. Like the man in the Gospel, they are wholly taken up with the care of their temporal interests. Others will say: "Well, religion is good enough for those who find comfort in it, but I'm simply not interested." It probably would not be incorrect to write that most non-religious Americans belong to this group. They do not oppose the Church. They may even speak well of the Church, and may give their time and their money to help a Catholic school, or hospital, or home for children, or for the aged. But at that point, their interest stops.

Why does it stop? Surely, it would be uncharitable to assume that they are deliberately rejecting God's grace.

It is our duty to help these laggards, and indeed all who fail to accept Our Lord's invitation to sit at His supper. We can all help, everyone in his own way, but two special recommendations may be made. First, we can pray every day that the work of the missionaries in the home and foreign fields may have its effect on all to whom they minister. Next, we can preach daily the sermon of a good example. To most of our non-Catholic friends and acquaintances, we represent the Catholic Church, and they judge her teachings, not so much by our words as by our lives. Today, more than ever perhaps, the Church needs men who never enter a pulpit, but preach the Gospel in the highways and byways through their good example.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## UNITY OF CATHOLIC LITERARY IDEAS

HAROLD C. GARDINER

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ENTIRELY without collaboration or collusion, the main thoughts expressed at the gathering held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York on May 24, in honor of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, fell into a definite pattern.

This is, after all, not strange, for the Gallery is one of Catholic authors, and as the unity of Faith binds the members into the oneness of the Mystical Body, so a certain unity of outlook on matters literary was bound to emerge when Catholic authors talked of their craft and the principles that underlie it.

What was perhaps the keynote of the afternoon's thought was expressed in the paper read by M. Jacques Maritain. Speaking of the role to be played by Christian philosophy, he remarked: "Social and political life has been tuned to the requirements of matter, machine and technique, and put out of tune with the human soul." This has resulted in "the dispersion and atomization of modern knowledge and modern life," and consequently, "the main task and benefit of Christian philosophy consists in making man overcome any dichotomy or inner conflict."

Throughout the afternoon's discussions, that point emerged time and again—that these Catholic authors well know where they are going. They have and feel the sustaining power of definite principles and norms behind their work, that they are guided by a sense of discipline, which springs fundamentally from the one great fact that they are directed in their varied work by Christian dogma, that, possessing and living a Faith which has definite rights and wrongs, which has standards of conduct and belief, their work is, perhaps all unconsciously, but still effectively and fruitfully, guided and shaped by a sense of form.

Padraic Colum, for example, dwelt on this very point in his address on poetry. Stressing the very difficult task that any writer has today of putting forward any aspects of humanity or Christianity or Catholicism, he reduced that difficulty to the fact that most of the books today, even great books, are nihilist. And they are nihilist because "there is a formlessness in the world today that I do not think has ever been there before, and without a sense of form, there cannot be any sense of art."

To illustrate this point, Mr. Colum made use of two rather humorous examples. "The scrambling of forms," as he called it, is shown in such queer juxta-positions as "funeral parlor," confusing and mingling the solemn awe of death with the joviality of social gatherings, or "cathedrals of learning," confounding faith and knowledge.

But this very lack of form is the Catholic writer's chance, particularly for the imaginative writer, because "on its philosophical and religious side, the Church has always stood for form," and hence, "we Catholics have a sense of form and that will give us a great opportunity of creating something that will be important in America today."

Very striking expression was given to this same central truth by Madame Sigrid Undset, who spoke on the subject of fiction. Commenting that the word "fiction" is often used as if it were the opposite of "fact," she went on:

Facts must be true, but they are not truths. . . . Practical people may handle facts without knowing the truths they stem from. True fiction must necessarily handle facts, but its chief concern must be with the truths behind the facts. . . . To the Catholic writer, the whole world of facts and truths behind the facts will appear in relation to the Ultimate Origin from which everything emanates.

It is this devotion to fundamental and eternal fact and truth, present at the core of the Catholic writer's being, though perhaps not always explicit in his consciousness, which will keep him true to a sense of "fitness," moral and artistic. As Madame Undset expressed it, it is the hope and the ideal that

to all Catholics, it is always the submerged knowledge that prevents us from certain aberrations of knowledge, as the submerged knowledge that the sea is deep and cold and very wet prevents us from turning to the right or to the left, when we have to board a ship by way of a narrow gangplank. We do not consciously think how unpleasant it would be to tumble over, but we just walk straight all the same.

The other distinguished speakers all hit, in varying degree and with varying emphasis, on much the same idea. Katherine Burton stressed the essential truth that must vitalize biography, whether of the scientific or the more popular kind. The Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., speaking on Apologetics, dwelt on the idea that a deep realization of what an author has to write is necessary if Catholic au-

thors are to have the wide influence the treasures they possess demand of them. And Msgr. Peter Guilday touched upon the fact that the growing interest in American Catholic Church history is giving form and basis to our knowledge of and interest in our democratic way of life, because it throws such a light on American history in general.

Truly, as M. Maritain remarked in the beginning of his address, one great function that the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors is performing is that through it "the Catholic family is coming to a better awareness of itself, of its own energies and of its own standards. And it is chiefly through its own literature, art and poetry that any community whatever becomes conscious of itself."

This common consciousness, brought so strikingly to the fore at this anniversary gathering, is the growing realization that Catholic writers, perhaps even without thinking the matter through for themselves, have a common ground, a common philosophy of literature, which they simply have to vivify and steep their work in, to present a common front, a modern (because timeless) Roman phalanx to all the opposing forces of formlessness, of neurotic particularization which vitiate so much modern rootless literature.

In the audience that May Sunday, in the Waldorf-Astoria Sert Room, there were many authors. More importantly, even, there were many aspiring or potential authors, and I hope that they all caught this stimulating and unifying note that sounded so unmistakably. If they did, that meeting, more than a thousand exclamatory or deprecatory articles on the state of modern letters, will have urged them on to a realization of how Christian (or Catholic—they are synonymous) principles must be the life-blood of literature.

The present writer had occasion to stress this idea some time ago, when invited to write a guest editorial for a Catholic college magazine. He wrote, in part:

The art of writing well, whether it be for publication or only in the intimacy of personal correspondence, is to a great extent a matter of discipline. Now, human nature is a whole, integral thing; it is not divided into separate compartments, and so, it is pretty hard for a man to be disciplined in one pursuit, in one activity of that nature, and dissolute in others. If his life and thought are guided along the straight and direct roads of disciplined activity, the chances are that his writing, too, will be cultured and clear and straight.

The whole of Catholic culture is a disciplined business . . . the whole framework of our Catholic thought is of firm and definite outline—it is not amorphous, fluid and hazy. . . . If a Catholic, then, is interested in writing, it would seem to follow that he is equipped better than those who have no such firm foundation of clarity and strength.

It is good and necessary for ephemeral magazine articles like this one to urge home this fact in season and out. We have to keep the pot boiling, or, to vary the metaphor, act the part of Socrates' pesky gadfly. But when genuine and acknowledged masters of the written word proclaim publicly that their masterpieces stem radically from the form, the discipline, the sense of fitness and adherence to truth and order that their Faith im-

poses on them—that is proof indeed, proof of the fact that Arthur Machen stated so boldly years ago in his *Hieroglyphics*:

I will give you a test that will startle you: literature is the expression, through the esthetic medium of words, of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and that which in any way is out of harmony with these dogmas is not literature. . . . Think of it and you will see that from the literary standpoint, Catholic dogma is merely the witness, under a special symbolism, of the enduring facts of human nature and of the universe; it is merely the voice which tells us distinctly that man is not the creature of the drawing room and the Stock Exchange, but a lonely, awful soul confronted by the Source of all souls, and you will realize that to make literature it is necessary to be, at all events subconsciously, Catholic.

Consciousness of our Catholic literary strength, strong because unified in itself, and bound in unity to the great family of Catholic writers—this, then, is the lasting work that the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors will accomplish. True, the collecting of manuscripts, those sign-posts to the working of the author's mind and to the development of his energies and talent—that is important, too, and the gallery that will some day, we hope, sumptuously house such a collection (perhaps here in New York?) will be a Holy City to many a student and author.

But it is really ideas and ideals that count, and more than the material manuscripts on which the authors wrote, the propagation of the standards that impelled them on, must be the proper work of the Gallery. With Sister Mary Joseph, of the Sisters of Loretto, as Director of the Gallery, this master idea will not, we may feel assured, be lost sight of.

As M. Maritain put it, this idea is "a simple, pure and honest one," and though the great world in which we are immersed is rarely interested in such things, ideas that are simple, pure and honest do have a way of getting themselves heard over the din and turmoil. Only, they must be repeated to satiety, and given flesh and blood in the reality of the written word.

May 24's meeting was a splendid, communal repetition of the idea, by and through authors of flesh and blood whose work mirrors it. We will need many more such repetitions before the deaf old world, including a large part of the Catholic world, pricks up its ears to hear the great rumor, borne on all the winds of heaven, that now it can be said of Catholic literature, "the mighty being is awake."

*Sigrid Undset's complete paper, excerpts from which are given in the above article, will be featured as next week's literary article. It is a noble and sane statement of a Catholic novelist's literary Credo, and shows a master writer's thought and style. M. Jacques Maritain's address on the primacy of Catholic philosophy will also appear in the near future in AMERICA'S columns.—Literary Editor.*



# BOOKS

## BEDLAM ON THE POTOMAC

WASHINGTON IS LIKE THAT. By W. M. Kiplinger.  
Harper and Bros. \$3.50

WE must look more closely at Washington now than ever before, since under the impact of war and economic dislocation it has become an over-powering, all-embracing, omnipresent force in the lives of 130,000,000 Americans. It is important both for the present and the uncertain future that lies ahead that we see the nation's expanding capital as it really is.

After all, Washington is our city. We, the People, built it and made it what it is. If it has now become our master, it also remains our slave. To maintain that democratic relationship in the years to come may not be easy. It will be impossible unless We, the People, look Washington straight in the face and understand what goes on there.

So reasons Mr. Kiplinger, publisher of the newsletter that titillates every week the importance of business executives all over the country. He deals mainly with facts, eschewing ideology, although he is not beyond analyzing trends and suggesting the shape of things to come. The reader may or may not be intrigued by the prophecy, or flattered by the impression that he is being permitted to see Washington from the "inside." What is certain is that he is bound to be impressed by this vast collection of pertinent information. In this respect, Mr. Kiplinger has done a competent reportorial job.

*Washington Is Like That* is a kaleidoscopic picture, sometimes brilliant, sometimes banal, bathed here in clear, clean sunshine, hidden there in ominous shadow, often inspiring, just as often depressing, but always, even in its banalities, interesting. In it you can learn about the men who keep the wheels of Government moving, about all the alphabetical agencies and what they are trying to do, about the social and civic life of Washington, its schools and parks and libraries. You can find answers to questions people are asking, questions about the farm bloc, the labor-lobby, the press, the Army and Navy, Mr. Hoover's G-Men, the influence of Jews, plans for a post-war world, etc. If you want to know what goes on along the Potomac, and can afford the price, *Washington Is Like That* is worth buying.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

## DIAGRAM OF DIXIE

THE OLD SOUTH. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker.  
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

THE ROMANTIC myth of the "solid South" receives another severe blow in this interesting and informative volume. The author clearly places before us the different elements which made up the foundations of civilization in the Southern Colonies, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, and shows that, far from being homogeneous in race, culture and interests, this region well deserves the title of America's first melting-pot. Colonial civilization in the South as in the other Colonies was indeed transplanted from Europe. The English who came first brought their language, culture and political institutions, but the settlers from Ulster, Germany, France and Switzerland who soon followed, all added their contributions, while the development of the whole was affected by the climate, pioneering conditions in a new land and above all by slavery.

The transplanted English civilization of popular fancy never existed in the South any more than in any other part of the country. The gentleman planter with his

beautiful Georgian mansion surrounded by thousands of acres of tobacco fields tended by hundreds of slaves, was an important element in southern cultural, economic and political history, but he was not the only element. The English and Huguenot artisans, the Scotch-Irish merchants, the German and Swiss farmers played just as important, though a less picturesque, part in laying the foundations of southern civilization. Indeed, the author claims that the new South of today with its industries, commerce and rising middle class, springs not from post-Civil War changes, but from these early foundations.

The "Valley"—the fertile farm lands of western Maryland and Virginia—was the scene of the first test of our American melting-pot civilization, when during the middle decades of the eighteenth century the advancing tobacco civilization of the Tidewater region, which was typically English, met and mingled with the German, Swiss and Scotch-Irish settlers who had preceded them over the mountains. In spite of differences in race, culture and religion, the unifying influences of agriculture and slavery united the South against northern industrialism in the nineteenth century as firmly as against British imperialism in the eighteenth. Slavery was perhaps the main influence in making the South "different," since it ruined the artisans, thus hindering the development of a middle class, discouraged industrial enterprises and prevented the growth of cities.

The overemphasis on architecture as a guide to the development of civilization causes other elements to be treated too briefly and inadequately. But this is the only fault one will find in a very readable and enlightening account of our early history. The many fine illustrations add much to the charm and interest of the volume.

F. J. GALLAGHER

## CANADIAN REVOLUTION

BRIGHT TO THE WANDERER. By Bruce Lancaster. Little, Brown and Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book).  
\$2.50

THAT our Canadian neighbors also went through a period of revolution—but not of separation from the Empire—sixty years after our Declaration of Independence, is little enough known to most of us to warrant the occasional brief summaries of its historical background which the author prefixes to some of the chapters of this excellent novel.

The story of Canada's fight against misrule is centered about the Stensrood family of Toronto. Loyalist in sympathy, they had been forced to flee for refuge to Canada after their home in Albany had been burnt. This flight of Barnabas Stensrood and his father—leaving Barnabas' brother Josiah who, alone of the Stensroods, had joined the armies of Washington—is told in a prologue to the actual story, which concerns for the most part Barnabas' grandson, Gilbert.

In 1835, the Stensroods were a large, well-established family in Toronto. Barnabas, a nonagenarian, is living in the family seat, "Nipigon," outside the city; but his sons and daughters have their homes in the city. The family is divided on the question of their colonial government, at that time completely in the power of "The Compact," a handful of plutocrats which has unscrupulously crushed opposition to its interests. Gilbert, a medical student, becomes embroiled in revolutionary activities led by William Lyon Mackenzie, a grandfather of the later Premier of Canada. He is abetted in his adventures by an American cousin, the grandson of Bar-

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READ review in April *Catholic World* to decide if your dollar should obtain one of the 20 daily diminishing complete sets of this year's *Thinker's Digest*, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

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nabas' brother Josiah. The action is swift and the characters credible. Memorable scenes are a family reunion at "Nipigon," the trial of an editor opposed to "The Compact," a town meeting at which the Compact's hired thugs are cleverly checkmated by the revolutionaries, the escape of Gil and his fellow conspirators from imprisonment in Quebec's "Rock."

The title is derived from a phrase of an old hymn which points to faith as a star in the nights of distress which remains "bright to the wanderer." Mr. Lancaster is the author of *Guns of Burgoyne*. In this reviewer's opinion, *Bright to the Wanderer* is even a better tale, a satisfying historical novel.

R. F. GRADY

MARRIAGE. By Dietrich von Hildebrand. Longmans, Green and Co. \$1.25

A PREVIOUS book (*In Defence of Purity*) by this outstanding German Catholic philosopher makes an introduction of him unnecessary, and commands attention for any product of his gifted pen. In this little book of two chapters (only 64 pages in all), the author says many beautiful and penetrating things about Christian Marriage. His thesis is that Catholic writing on the subject emphasizes too much the primary end of marriage, the procreation of children, almost to the exclusion of its primary meaning, which is conjugal love. He writes for the general public, and hopes to awaken a deeper awareness of the "great sacrament in Christ."

It is important, certainly, to stress the necessity of true love in marriage, and to show how it is both sanctified, and made to flower in the Sacrament of Matrimony. As Pius XI wrote in *Casti Connubii*, "true and solid love is the basis of conjugal happiness" and in the choice of a partner the Christian should be "led by true and noble love." But is it strictly true to say that marriage is conjugal love, in the sense that it is its primary meaning? Does the author intend by the phrase "primary meaning" what the Holy Father terms "basis"? We fear the general public will find the insistence upon the phrase "primary meaning" a bit confusing.

ROBERT A. HEWITT, S.J.

TALES FROM BECTIVE BRIDGE. By Mary Lavin. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

IF this first book is a true indication of Miss Lavin's capabilities, then her literary future is indeed bright and shining. Writing with a remarkable insight into character and situation, Miss Lavin, in her delicate and charming style has pictured her Irish men and women as one loves to remember them—as men and women close to God and to His beauties about them. The lilt of her prose is an echo of Irish speech and her characters are deeply concerned with the simple things of life.

The details upon which many of the stories turn might seem trivial to the realist, but to the men and women involved they are turning-points in their lives, and are very important to characters who are strong in their simplicity. "The Green Grave and the Black Grave," "Brother Boniface," "The Dead Soldier," to mention but a few of the stories, are tales which captivate and charm the reader, and restore to him a consciousness that faith and beauty are not things of the past. These are not the machine-made stories of weekly magazines, but little treasures of great worth to be taken up and reread when one fears that the haste and sham of modernity might become overwhelming.

J. A. O'CALLAGHAN

RIG FOR CHURCH. By Captain William A. Maguire (ChC), U.S.N. The Macmillan Co. \$2

NAVY life, through the eyes of a Catholic Chaplain twenty-five years in the service, comes into our hands at a most opportune moment with our fleet now engaging the Japs in the Coral Seas. Father Maguire is Fleet Chaplain of that fleet. What he must now be doing stands out in grim contrast from the background which Father Maguire has painted of his life with our fighting men of the sea.

For the salty padre spins a yarn of pleasant adventure in far-off places; in India, China, the Philippines,



before these storied lands were caught in the net of war. He tells of his companionship with officers and men, of his work aboard the ships and in the naval bases and with the midshipman fresh from Annapolis, eager for the sea.

Yet back of it all, and in the back of your mind as you read, is World War II. Father Maguire comes out with it in the last chapter. He was at Pearl Harbor on December 7. The Japs came over as Father waited to be taken aboard the flagship for Sunday Mass. But the sacrifice that morning was not the Sacrifice of Christ. There was no Mass. In the terse sentences of a Navy man, but with the modesty so becoming his sacred calling, Father tells of his part in what our men did at Pearl Harbor. He ends it with these sentences; "Early in the afternoon I suddenly discovered why I felt a bit done in. Still fasting since midnight the day before, I was, as it were, on my way to celebrate Mass. Durbin got me a cup of coffee, and I confess we both worked up a smile over it."

I read the book from cover to cover in one sitting. You will like it too.

THOMAS MOORE

IN NO STRANGE LAND. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

HERE we have brief biographies of the following outstanding converts to the Church: Levi S. Ives, Sarah W. K. Peter, Sophia D. Ripley, Orestes A. Brownson, Cornelia P. Connolly, the Paulist Group, James K. Stone, Joseph Dutton, John B. Tabb, Lucy Smith, Rose H. Lathrop, Lewis T. Watson, Marion Gurney, F. X. Farmer, S. P. Delany. The first two were born in the eighteenth century; the remainder in the nineteenth.

Due to the perfidy of Pearl Harbor, Brother Joseph Dutton, Damien's assistant in the leper settlement of Molokai, has been the most prominent of the group in recent American thought. But all of Miss Burton's sketches are interesting and she skilfully shows that these converts shed luster in America as American Catholics.

It is the continuity of the Church that appealed to all of the converts. As Miss Burton so well expresses it:

Sarah Peter found that continuity when she saw the catacombs; Sophia Ripley found it when she read Dante. Some of the Episcopalians, attracted by the ritual of their denomination, remained where they were as long as they believed it had continuity. When their eyes were opened, they no longer dallied there. Others found evidence of the Catholic Church's continuity in various places, but this one great fact had to come home to them first, no matter what the argument or what beauty or pain or joy first drew them. The altar light gleaming in a shadowy church is but a symbol pointing to a Faith, not the Faith itself."

The list of the converts here enumerated is by no means exclusive. In fact Miss Burton suggests that the story of "converts among the officers of our Army and Navy alone, in all the years since the Revolution, is amazingly long."

Of the two living members of Miss Burton's present enumeration, Father Farmer "spent most of his boyhood in Covington," Georgia, not "Kentucky." The Spiritual Book Associates were happy in choosing *No Strange Land* for their April offering.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

AGENT IN ITALY. By S. K. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

"AN EXCITING story of espionage," says the publisher. What the public will read and remember is the sad story of the Italian tragedy. To this amateur detective it would seem that the mysterious S. K. could be easily identified from the mass of unchangeable data given in the book. He must have been well acquainted with some of the many prominent people he describes. But debate aside, the fate of a suffering people is more important than the exploits of an unnamed individual. S. K. is wise. Except for a few efforts to thrill, he sen-

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sibly plays down the spectacular in favor of information.

We can judge this book only on internal evidence. S. K. is revealed as a kindly German who says little about himself and less about his principles; except that he does write enthusiastically about democracy. In Germany he risked his freedom to free Jews; in Italy he risked his life to upset Nazi war plans. The book is lightly spiced with sensational bits of scandal, including a page from the private life of Mussolini.

What will really interest the reader is to hear from a new source that the peaceful Italians are being enslaved and starved by the Nazis; that a force of almost 500,000 is necessary to prevent open revolt; that Mackensen is the real Duce and Mussolini only a yes-man; that the underground movement of the Matteotti group is powerful and growing, and that this organization now includes men of all political beliefs with the exception of Stalinists and Anarchists. We take the author's word for it that this group plans to make of Italy, not a socialist Utopia, but a real democracy. The Italians are deathly weary of war and dictators. They pray for peace, while they hunger for bread.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

**YOUR BUSINESS GOES TO WAR.** By Leo M. Cherne.

Houghton Mifflin Co. (The Riverside Press.) \$3.50  
IN a time of great dislocation for business, Leo M. Cherne, Executive Secretary for the Research Institute of America, has written an excellent guide for the solution of the business man's difficulties in a war economy. Combining a keen intellect with deep learning and the best sources of information, Mr. Cherne is perhaps the foremost authority in America on the problems of business in war.

The first chapter states in general the problems that business is facing in this war. In the second there is a discussion of the problems that beset the Government in directing America's resources toward winning the war. The Government has made every effort to cushion the impact of war on all economic and social relationships. With this in mind, the author directs business through the process of getting Government contracts and sub-contracts, the acquisition of capital, materials and labor. The suggestions for plant conversion will solve many knotty problems in this field and should be of assistance to small business in the struggle for survival. As the author points out, the needs of the war are far-reaching and there is room for all in the production of either war or necessary civilian goods. The legal aspects of Government contracts are discussed as well as the interpretations of statutes by administrative agencies and the courts. The labor problem is fully treated along with the statutes governing its relations to capital and the Government during the war.

There are charts spread through this section of the book giving the location of Government advisory and purchasing agencies and their various functions. The last section of the book treats the burdens of the war and is of general as well as particular interest. The chapters on "Price Control," "Paying the Cost of the War" and "Demobilization Day" will be of interest to scholars and those who seek an understanding of these three major problems. The book manifests a great respect for facts and the practical problems discussed are such as to be of value. In the appendix there are specimen charts, contracts and guides that will save much time and research. The book is an answer to a very great need.

F. J. DONOGHUE

**BENJAMIN L. MASSE**, Staff member, has taught and lectured on historical and social subjects.

**FRANCIS J. GALLAGHER**, on the faculty of Loyola High School, Baltimore, has been a special student of American history for two decades.

**ROBERT A. HEWITT** obtained his S.T.D. at the Gregorian University; he taught Moral Theology at Weston College, Weston, Mass., where he is now the Rector.



# THEATRE

**THE STRINGS, MY LORD, ARE FALSE.** Every Catholic theatregoer desires to admire every play that Paul Vincent Carroll writes. We are all proud of the good work he has done, which we have acclaimed with loud outcries. We are also critical of bad work from his pen, because we feel that there is no excuse for it. Mr. Carroll has such unusual ability, and has risen so high in such a short time, that we are sharply impatient with him for not reaching near-perfection. He rarely, if ever, does it. In each of his plays, even in the fine *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed*, which are, so far, his best, he reveals mental handicaps that weaken and sometimes almost destroy his work.

The chief of these are first his conviction that he must tell us all he knows, in every play he writes, and next that he must have in the background of his plays a sinister foil for the fine type of priest he usually shows us. His leading priests are almost always superb human types—wise, understanding, tolerant, sympathetic. Many of them he has evidently known, and he presents them with affectionate understanding. But he has the fixed idea that against this type of priest we all recognize he must show us, if only as contrast, a petty-minded, self-seeking and scheming type who is so rare among our clergy that we repudiate it and lose patience both with the character and its author.

All of which brings me to Mr. Carroll's latest play, *The Strings, My Lord, Are False*, now produced by Edward Choate, Alexander Kirkland and John Sheppard, Jr. at the Royale Theatre. In this offering Mr. Carroll indulges to the limit his pet theories of play-writing. In the early moments of his first act he shows us his fine and hard-working clerical hero, Canon Courtenay, harassed by a representative of his Bishop. Both Bishop and representative are pictured as blind to the splendid work the Canon, admirably played by Walter Hampden, is doing among his parishioners in a Scotch town.

Passing from this bit, Carroll brings in another favorite type—a prostitute whose human qualities of sympathy and understanding are beautifully brought out in the acting of Margot Grahame. Indeed, Miss Grahame quite walks away with the play in her scenes, which are far more important than those given to Ruth Gordon, an admirable actress who struggles gamely but vainly with a hopeless role.

These three players, Canon, prostitute, and young girl in trouble, are the leads in the new Carroll play. Mr. Carroll tosses in a dozen more types, interesting to look at but with little part in the development of his drama; he devotes most of his first act to the showing of these types.

In his second act, however, he gives us something really impressive—an air-raid which in effect was only equaled by the one we saw in *The Wookey* last autumn. All Mr. Carroll's characters are taking refuge from this raid, in the crypt under a Scotch church. One woman has a baby there—mercifully remote from the footlights—and the prostitute takes care of it and of her. But Mr. Kazan, the director, and Mr. Bay, who made the settings, deserve most of the credit for this act. The Canon is also in the crypt moving benignly among his people, but he hasn't much to do. Most of them are asleep, or absorbed in the baby, or busily engaged in their own love-life.

In the final act we go back to the Canon's living room, which is occupied by many of his types, and Mr. Carroll goes back on his play. Don't ask me what happened during this third act. I remember that the Canon has his opinions about the goings on in this war-torn world, and expresses them. I'm a bit vague about the rest of the act, though I didn't drop off, even for a minute.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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# FILMS

**MRS. MINIVER.** Men, women, children rise from the printed pages of Jan Struther's best-selling novel and come to life on the screen in this vivid portrayal of war's smashing impact on an English family. The Minivers, as the photoplay opens, present an arresting picture of domestic felicity. Over this idyllic setting the storm bursts. In pulse-quickenning sequences, Mr. (Walter Pidgeon) Miniver dashes across the Channel in his small boat to aid in the Dunkerque rescue, while his Mrs. (Greer Garson) faces a desperate, wounded Nazi flyer back home. With the younger children, the Minivers later crowd into their garden air-raid shelter which shakes dizzily with each thunderous bomb explosion. They emerge to discover their home in ruins. A whimsical clash over a prize rose and a touching love story thread through the more sinister crises. Lady Beldon's time-honored control of the village flower show is challenged triumphantly when the plebeian station-master enters a rose, the "Mrs. Miniver." Vin Miniver, an R.A.F. pilot, also causes her Ladyship distress by wedding her granddaughter, Carol (Teresa Wright), but his happiness is short-lived. The bride of two weeks is killed in a horror-packed Nazi air raid. Cinema artistry, guided by William Wyler, has knit humor, pathos, tragedy and the dauntless spirit of the English people into a harmonious whole in this outstanding film for the family. (MGM)

**I MARRIED AN ANGEL.** Nelson Eddy, a singing Budapest banker, marries an angel from heaven named Jeanette, and later, without divorce, bigamy or mirrors, weds a bank clerk named Jeanette. A dream, weaving through a great part of the picture, permits this extraordinary achievement. Jeanette MacDonald, an employe in Nelson's bank, appears at his birthday costume ball masquerading as an angel. After a dance with her, Nelson, a bit bored, slips upstairs for a catnap. In his dream life, he meets and marries the heavenly angel, whose habit of telling the truth embitters his friends and evolves numerous complications. Convinced upon awakening that most of his associates are phonies, Nelson strides downstairs and persuades the earthly masquerading angel to wed him. This *adult* film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke II, does not quite attain the usual MacDonald-Eddy entertainment level. But its scenic effects are truly marvelous, and it has Jeanette and Nelson singing. (MGM)

**WINGS FOR THE EAGLE.** A huge airplane factory in full blast is a stirring sight. Its incredible immensity, the clamor of its activity take one's breath. Of course, human nature being what it is, some of the workers may be having spats. A husband and wife, for instance. And this discord may be promoted by a third party. It is not, moreover, inconceivable that a German-born foreman may manifest profound patriotism. Ann Sheridan, Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, under the direction of Lloyd Bacon, turn in quite creditable performances in an interesting film for general patronage. (Warners—1st National)

**BROADWAY.** One way to resurrect the Prohibition Era is to have a big-name actor visit the site of a night club where he used to be a dancer and start reminiscing out loud to the watchman who formerly guarded the spot. The reminiscences can then be gathered onto the silver screen in an atmosphere of bootlegging, hi-jacking, gang murder and similar phenomena. In this manner, an *adult* film, directed by Wm. A. Seiter and featuring Pat O'Brien, George Raft and Janet Blair, can be produced, and the arduous task of keeping the movie theatres running can be aided. (Universal)

JOHN A. TOOMEY



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## POSTAL EMPLOYEES FLIGHT

EDITOR: Enclosed please find marked copy of the May issue of the *New York Fed*, the official publication of the New York Federation of Post Office Clerks. It contains a reprint of the editorial, *Neglected Workers*, from the April 18 issue of AMERICA.

The postal employees have not had an increase in salary in over seventeen years. Since 1939 the cost of living has increased to such a degree that actually they have suffered a pay cut.

The only method for the elimination of this condition is to seek legislation. However, legislative relief is a long and tedious affair. The aid of publications like yours is of immeasurable aid in the furthering of remedial legislation.

The postal employees appreciate your aid in their efforts to obtain an increase in earnings in order to stabilize their pay with the increased cost of living.

New York, N. Y.

MAX KLARREICH  
Treasurer

## PROPAGANDA FOR GOD

EDITOR: I quite agree with F. T. S. Lowell (AMERICA, May 2) that no one form of Catholic Action alone will bring about a Christian reorganization of society. In my article, *Catholic Action Program Must Use Modern Methods* (AMERICA, April 25), I sought to show the importance of using modern propaganda methods to reach the vast hordes of men and women who had lost contact with Christianity altogether. The *Pro Deo* movement represents an offensive for God in the field of public opinion. By using skillful propaganda techniques the dictators succeeded in corrupting society. If European Christians had employed the same techniques soon enough, the masses could just as easily have been won for God.

It is true that advertising methods alone will not bring about a new social order. But it is also true that a new social order will never come into existence unless the Christian message is made known to non-Christians.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

## PHILOSOPHY OF ART

EDITOR: It would have been helpful if Mr. Byrne in his letter of May 16 had pointed out some of the generalizations of my previous letter which puzzled him. Or was he pointing them out in the "loaded words," "pollute" and "heresy?" He also doubts the possibility of defining "what is truth"; and speaks of my scorn for "significant form." I should like to clarify these points. Is there any norm of truth in art?

To deny the possibility of defining what is true in art is to deny a philosophy of art. Yet art is distinctively an intellectual accomplishment, and produced by man because he is rational—not just animal. Hence the need for "reasonableness" in art as in everything else. Man glories in the power of expressing ideas, and when ideas are ordered and presented in a definite fashion, then we have a philosophy. Herbert Read enthusiastically outlines his philosophy of art in the book, titled *Surrealism*. It is based on Freudian Marxism. But Freud's work is on the Church's Index! Add to this, the errors from Voltaire, Diderot, Feuerbach, Engels, Roger Fry and others, and you have the following so-called philosophy of art: 1. All thought is material. For nothing is spiritual. 2. Art must be strictly irrational; no conscious effort in ex-

pressing the dream fantasies; dream art. 3. The Surrealist is opposed to the current morality. These points are not my invention, but explicitly stated by Read and others. And Read has a prominent place in criticism. Although all the Surrealists do not swear to this false gospel in its entirety, still it is the foundation for their activity.

But there is another philosophy of art. Monsignor Sheen has shown how the confusion from the doctrine of Kant, Rousseau and Bergson was made manifest in Surrealism, Cubism and Futurism (cf. *Old Errors and New Labels*). Father Gillis too, and F. W. Ruckstull and P. A. Sorokin have written eloquently on this subject. Although their conclusions could be advanced profitably, they would exceed the limits of this letter. The object of this letter is merely to "particularize" the so-called "generalizations" and the "loaded words." The generalizations apply not to all modern art but to Surrealism, Futurism and Cubism—to art that has a philosophy based on the tenets of Herbert Read.

All admit with Mr. Byrne that it is difficult to define art according to rigid laws. Art has a very definite subjective appeal; but this does not exclude truly objective norms, based on a sound philosophy. Because of this double—subjective and objective—aspect, it is hard "authoritatively" to draw the line between true and false art. But it is possible to show that the underlying philosophy of some arts is false—such as the philosophy of Dali, Picasso, Rodin, Degas, Cézanne and others. With a false philosophy as a background, true art would be an accidental result.

Before closing, let me add that in my last letter the words "Significant Forms" were capitalized to indicate a definite picture of that title. My scorn was aimed at this irrational jumble of cubes and at the significant idea which unifies and ennobles true art. Would "Significant Form" be one of those "non-representational abstractions" which Mr. Byrne speaks about? What could "non-representational abstractions" mean? An abstraction is in the mind; it must correspond to reality or possibility, otherwise it is nothing. But "non-representational" is nowhere, it is in confusion; therefore is meaningless. Painting, just as a word, must represent something. How can there be a picture of nothing? If modern art then seeks to have the "purity of non-representational abstractions," it wants to reduce art to the irrational, as Read suggests, it wants to concretize "nothing" instead of Beauty and Truth.

Spokane, Wash.

EDWIN J. McDERMOTT, S.J.

EDITOR: Two letters on modern art which have appeared in these columns, one by Father McDermott and another by Barry Byrne, provide much food for thought. Whether one is justified in including all modern art in one sweeping denunciation, whether such words as "heresy" and "pollute" are too strong to classify the abuses against which Father McDermott's letter was directed, or whether the "Significant Forms" of modern art are significant of anything other than intellectual stultification, I leave for others to decide. But something should be said, I think, of what might be called a violent dislocation in art which began with the Renaissance and is bearing its fruit today.

As the late Eric Gill was frequently at such pains to point out, art, in the strict sense of the word, is an intellectual virtue whose function it is to direct man's work according to right reason. This applies to any art, useful or fine. But fine art must add to this the manifestation of beauty, which, again, has its appeal chiefly to the intellect. Now, if modern art, or any school of modern art takes the direction of the art work away from

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the intellect and entrusts it to the emotions or to the unbridled imagination, if the "Significant Forms" have no significance for the intellect but only for the senses, I don't think "heresy" is too strong a word to characterize it.

There are two kinds of immorality possible in art. There is the portraying of immoral subjects, and this immorality is merely incidental to the art itself; and there is the handing over of the proper work of art to the control of non-reasonable or even unreasonable powers. Herein the art itself becomes immoral. This is "heresy" in art, and there is no denying that there is too much of it in the field today.

St. Louis, Mo.

QUENTIN LAUER

## CHAPLAIN'S GRATITUDE

EDITOR: I have received an assortment of pamphlets and copies of *The Following of Christ* from your office. They have been placed in the Chapel for disposal to the men in service. I earnestly believe that the boys will be more than pleased to read such fine literature.

Since I do not know the name of the donor who made this wonderful contribution, I would appreciate it very much if you would kindly thank him or her for me.

I am mighty grateful to you for what you have done, and in the meantime will look forward to the two subscriptions to *AMERICA*, which were entered in my name.

Camp Upton, N. Y.

REV. C. A. PATRICK

## TRIUMPH THE POPE WANTS

EDITOR: I trust you will permit a word of comment on the editorial, *The Pope Speaks*, in the May 23 issue of *AMERICA*. It concludes:

The Pope speaks to America with a voice vibrant with consciousness that truth and justice will triumph. But he begs that the triumph may be speedy; and he prays that the victors shall not lose the peace after they shall have won the war.

The impression normally conveyed by this would be that the Pope was urging on the American nation a speedy victory of arms. The body of the editorial is a review of the Pope's address, but I do not think that it negatives the effect of the language quoted above.

The Pope's radio address of May 13, which is the subject of the editorial, was, as the editorial states, "to the world." He speaks of triumph, but it is the triumph of the Church. He does not ask for a speedy military triumph of the armed forces of any nations. He says that the destruction wrought by the war "calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end."

His prayer is not "that the victors shall not lose the peace after they have won the war" (editorial), but that "that the present terrible conflict may cease and the flood of tears and blood may issue forth into an equitable and lasting peace for all." He appeals to

statesmen that they may not let any occasion pass, that may open up to the nations the road to an honest peace of justice and moderation, to a peace arising from a free and fruitful agreement, even if it should not correspond in all points to their aspirations.

And he assures the gratitude of mankind to those generous leaders who, inspired not by weakness but by a sense of responsibility, shall choose the road of moderation and the field of wisdom when they meet the other side, also guided by the same sentiments.

He prays "the Father of Mercies and of the Light of Wisdom that He may hasten the dawning of that so much desired day."

This letter is not directed to the editorial policy of *AMERICA*. My point is simply that the conclusion of the editorial has the unintended effect of placing the Holy Father in a position which he has not taken.



The responsibility we bear in our necessary paraphrasing of the pronouncements of the Chief Pastor of Christendom is impressive, when we reflect that these pronouncements are being eagerly and attentively listened to and analyzed by an anxious world.

Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN B. GREST

## GOVERNMENT SERVICE

**EDITOR:** The communication from C. V. Higgins in your May 30th issue encouraging Catholics to prepare themselves for the government service came at an opportune hour.

Catholic universities have done well in establishing schools of law, medicine, dentistry, engineering, education, nursing and social service. One profession they have failed to provide for: public administration. Even in secular universities this branch has come into prominence only since 1930.

Perhaps in the present shake-up our universities will be able to take one step forward by building up the department of political science within the curriculum of the college of arts and sciences. With this addition to their schooling in history and other social sciences, our students will be qualified to enter graduate schools of public administration and thus fit themselves for public service in the expanding Government agencies—local and state as well as federal. The desirability of having Catholic men and women with Catholic training serve in such capacity is obvious. It is a little strange that we have been slow to see it.

The graduate schools offering opportunities for advanced work in this field are described in *Education for Public Administration* by George A. Graham, a book published by the Committee on Public Administration, 1313 East 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

New York, N. Y.

ROBERT C. HARTNETT

## JOY-RIDING TO CHURCH?

**EDITOR:** The gasoline rationing has brought about a serious problem in some localities in regard to church worship. I am speaking of rural communities, where whole families live several miles from the nearest church.

Since Henderson has ruled that going to church is pleasure riding, it is just about the same as ruling that church attendance is a non-essential and something to be "conscientiously denied" along with such things as joy rides.

Isn't it time for us, especially those who regard worshipping God in their churches a first thing, to speak out and demand the right to go to church as often as we care to. It is all very well in congested cities where a little more time and a trolley fare will ultimately take us to a church. But let us not have more hardships put on the rural communities where, as it is, Father must drive some of the children to one Mass and hurry back with the car for Mother to take the rest of the family to the next Mass, sometimes driving a good many miles on a Sunday morning to do it. Almost impossible on rationing in some places.

Let us not have our right to worship taken from us too calmly!

Telford, Pa.

M. T. G.

## POST-WAR ORDER

**EDITOR:** By all means let us have more articles like the one by Robert C. Hartnett, *Blueprints Being Drafted for Post-war Order* (AMERICA, May 30). It laid the foundations very well indeed for future discussions.

As Catholics we must be sure that our principles pull their proper weight in any planning for the future. Otherwise another war may have been fought in vain.

New York, N. Y.

DONALD G. GWYNN

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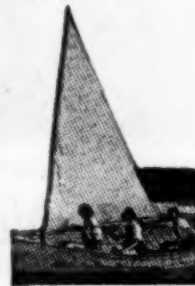
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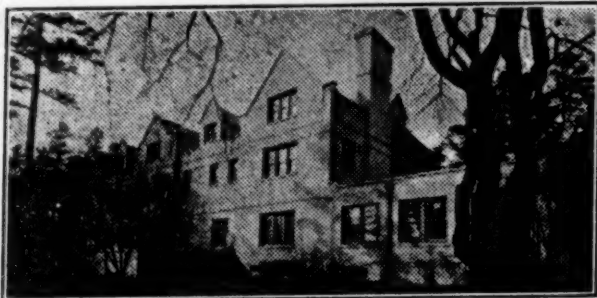
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## EVENTS

A FAR greater accumulation of statistics is piled up to-day than was the case in any other period of history. . . . So accustomed, indeed, have we become to statistics that it is difficult to conceive how we could carry on without them. . . . They perform all sorts of functions. . . . Just the other week, statistics were issued showing that though more women than men attempt suicide, more men succeed in the endeavor. . . . Thus, a couple contemplating matrimony today can know what are the chances that one or the other will become a widower or a widow through suicide—knowledge which couples of other epochs did not possess. . . . This increase in knowledge may be the reason why there are so many happy marriages in our modern epoch. . . . Statistics, thus, lighten burdens in many phases of life. . . . There are, unfortunately, some fields of human endeavor which remain statisticless, and earthly existence is thus still somewhat short of ideal. . . . It is common knowledge that wishful thinking causes innumerable woes, but we have no figures revealing the amount of this thinking that goes on each day, each week, each year, no figures concerning the quantity of human misery occasioned by it. . . . Wishful thinking occurs when, as Shakespeare put it, "the wish [is] father to the thought." . . . The thought is not influenced by the evidence, but by the wish. . . . The individual under the spell of the wish ignores the evidence and plunges on some disastrous course. . . . Men can no more assay objective reality with their wishes than they can see with their ears or hear with their eyes. . . .

Each day the newspapers report sad effects begotten because individuals allow their wishes to rule their minds. . . . An Eastern citizen, suffering with headaches, recently permitted an imposter to subject him to the most absurd treatments. The imposter first put water on a plate, took a ring from the patient's finger and placed this in the water. He then poured the water over the patient's head, and forbade drying of the head. The phony next instructed the patient to dissolve rock salt in a tub of hot water, to stay in the tub each night until the water cooled, and then to go to bed without drying himself. The charge for the treatments was \$59. In the end, the patient still had the headaches, the imposter the \$59. . . . In another instance, a mother wanted to be with her dead daughter. Influenced by this wish, the mother imagined that suicide would surely effect a reunion. . . . She jumped from the eighteenth floor of a hotel, and, strangely enough, lived to describe her leap. She said: "I missed my daughter so much. I opened the window and looked into the sky. It was a beautiful clear Sunday and I could hear the church bells ringing. I cried: 'Daughter, I am coming to you,' and then I jumped. I kept my eyes open, but I didn't look down. I looked into the sky and it was like flying. I felt nothing when I struck. Then I heard someone saying: 'Her heart is beating.'" . . .

Some years ago, a gentleman declared: "The old notion that there is a hell is now definitely exploded." . . . This utterance was a striking example of wishful thinking. . . . If there is one thing certain, it is that there is no evidence whatever for the non-existence of hell. . . . The evidence is all on the other side. . . . Agnostics, atheists, the wish being father to the thought, blandly question the existence of their own Maker. Somewhat like children playing a game, they turn their whole lives into a game of make-believe. They make-believe there is no God, no after life, and they influence others to take up the game. . . . Today, there are great numbers of people frittering away their time on earth in a game of make-believe.

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